

LEATHERFACE

The Texas Chainsaw Massacre III

an original screenplay by

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2nd Revision 7-12-89 (Pink)  
3rd Revision 7-14-89 (Yellow)  
4th Revision 7-26-89 (Green)  
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1.

"LEATHERFACE"

BLACK SCREEN - ROLL CRAWL:

ON AUGUST 18th, 1973, SALLY HARDESTY WAS TOURING RURAL TEXAS WHEN SHE AND A GROUP OF FRIENDS FELL AFoul OF A BIZARRE, CANNIBALISTIC CLAN OF SERIAL PREDATORS. Ms. HARDESTY WAS THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE NIGHT OF TERROR THAT ENSUED. SHE DIED IN A PRIVATE HEALTH CARE FACILITY IN 1977.

A SINGLE MEMBER OF THE MURDEROUS "FAMILY" LIVED TO SEE TRIAL. THE PROSECUTION RECORDED HIS NAME AS W.E. SAWYER. HE DIED IN THE GAS CHAMBER AT HUNTSVILLE STATE PENETENTIARY IN LATE 1981.

THE JURORS CONCLUDED THAT "LEATHERFACE," PRESUMED TO BE AN UNAPPREHENDED KILLER, WAS IN FACT AN ALTERNATE PERSONALITY OF SAWYER'S, ACTIVATED WHENEVER HE DONNED A CRUDE FACE MASK FASHIONED FROM THE FLESH OF HIS VICTIMS. NONE OF SALLY HARDESTY'S TESTIMONY EVER CONTRADICTED THIS CONCLUSION.

IF THERE WAS NO LEATHERFACE IN REALITY, THEN SALLY HARDESTY MAY AT LAST REST IN PEACE, HER DEATH DULY AVENGED.

IF THERE ACTUALLY WAS A LEATHERFACE, HE REMAINS AT LARGE, AND THE SO-CALLED "TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE" ...

... WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

(CON'T)

-CONTINUED:-

1 EXTREME CLOSE-UP - GINA - NIGHT

PULL OUT of her retina. Short hair. Strawberry blonde.  
17. Off her right eye a TATTOO. She's upset.

GINA

Please.. I'll do ... anything.

\* She blinks and a sledgehammer WIPES THE FRAME TO BLACK. \*

CUT TO:

2 EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT - ON WORKSHOP WINDOW

As Gina is DRAGGED past it, DEAD.

CUT TO:

3 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT - REVERSE ANGLE ON WINDOW

Time-lapse moonrise. PULL BACK to worktable as a hunk of Gina's carved FACE slaps down like  $\frac{1}{4}$  tortilla -- the piece with the tattoo. Bloody thick-fingered HANDS (Leatherface's) add other pieces of other faces to form a cumulate face. They prepare to worm-stitch the face together using a curved SUTURING NEEDLE. Beat as the fingers pause to questioningly TOUCH the tattoo.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT - ON SARA

Watching this, aghast. She's Gina's sister. White, close-cropped dyed hair, identical tattoo. Blood-smeared, filthy from hiding in the woods, and wounded (as we'll later see). She tries to see more through the humidity-misted glass. To see Leatherface, who is obscured.

CUT TO:

5 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT - RESUMING HANDS -

They STOP. Imbed a huge face-carving knife in the table next to the leather face mask.

Sara HAULS ASS as fast as she can.

CUT TO:

3.

6 EXT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT - ON SLIDING STEEL DOOR

6

Evocative of the one in Chainsaw I. It SLIDES noisily OPEN. LIGHT floods out around the silhouette of Leatherface. One fast, threatening GLIMPSE, superfast.

SMASH CUT DIRECTLY TO:

7 WHITEOUT SCREEN (MATCH WITH LIGHT ABOVE)

7

STROBING as light source is jerked away. O.S. SOUND of shovel spading moist earth. Labored BREATHING (FILTER). Equipment CLANKS.

KIM (VO)

Ahh shit. We got more. Over here,  
Scotty.

Vague MOVEMENT now in the blackness. BOOTSTEPS smoosh through muck. A SIGH of disgust from Scot.

SCOT (VO)

Well fuck me running. Flash it  
before you dig it out, okay?

KIM (VO)

Yeah. Right.

FLASHPOP WHITES OUT FRAME again. Polaroid WHIRR. In the LIGHT FADE we see EXCU of a rotting skull face clotted with slime and dirt. It fades to TOTAL BLACK.

TITLES RUN throughout following scene.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. BODY PIT - LOW ANGLE POV - NIGHT

8

(DO NOT FADE IN). As though we are seeing what the skull sees as a centipede crawls over one of the eyesockets: Two MEN (now KIM and SCOT) in yellow plastic biohazard suits. Squared helmets, visors, saltshaker muzzles. Kim is the guy with the camera. Scot shovels. Arc worklights illuminate them harshly from behind. Kim LEANS toward skull-frame, his face DISTORTING as he flashes another shot which WHITES OUT FRAME again.

FROM WHITEOUT:

9 CLOSE-UP - A SKELETAL HAND

9

fisted around a large bone. Gelid, viscuous.

(CONT.)

(9) CONTINUED: )

SCOT (VO)  
Careful of that crap. Blood  
poisoning.

As shot FADES TO BLACK again.

10 ON SCOT - IN PIT

10

A wet casserole of mud and corpses, festering and toxic.  
He DIGS IN with a trowel and LIFTS into frame his glove,  
clotted with thick white lard swimming with red worms.

KIM (o.s.)  
Yeah. Gas gangrene, the coroner  
said. Just from touching this shit.

INCLUDE KIM as he gets a good look at the glove. Urrp.

KIM (CONT)  
Oh man. Sorry. I think I gotta  
barf.

SCOT  
Don't let those news asshole see you.  
(jerks thumb)  
The far side of the trees.

PULL BACK to reveal the floorplan template shape of the  
Pit. The men are knee-deep, boots caked in mealy human  
"decompost." TILT to show the roadblocked ROAD in the  
distance. Flashbars. Backed-up traffic. Reporters  
scurry. Medics. Arc lamps. Flash beams as a car is  
waved through. Minivans and yellow cordon tape.

ON KIM - AS HE RETURNS

Scot STEPS UP from the Pit.

SCOT  
Cellar walls hold it all in.

KIM  
Just like the body pits we found --  
up near Dong Tre.

He SLIPS and has to regain footing.

KIM (CONT)  
Only wetter. Dammit.

(CONT)

(10 CONTINUED)

5

PUSH TOWARDS THE ROAD as Scot SPEAKS.

SCOT

Yeah. Just counting skulls I'd say  
we have forty, fifty bodies here.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. HIGHWAY - ROADBLOCK - NIGHT

11

As a harried NEWSMAN claps a hand over his earphone and is handed papers. He looks up and realizes he's on camera. WIND BLOWS his hair and threatens his pages.

NEWSMAN

...sixty or seventy bodies, yes,  
it seems when corpses, uh, lay for  
a long period of time under  
conditions like these, they, uh,  
putrefy into a substance  
called...adip...adipos....

Through this speech we see an early '70's Mercedes pull into the check point and stop for a uniformed OFFICER (MICHELLE AND RYAN in car.) More hubbub surrounding, as before.

CUT TO:

12 INT. MERCEDES - ON DASH - NIGHT

12

AS RYAN fiddles with the radio dial and we HEAR the tag of the newsman's report as he fumbles the word.

PULL BACK to show us RYAN, WM, 20, UCSB student whose glasses render him a bit scholarly. Affable.

RYAN

(enunciates)

Adipocere, you idiot.

He SHUTS the RADIO. WIDEN to reveal MICHELLE at the wheel. Also early twenties, she's auburn haired, coltish, beautiful. Immediately likable and down to earth.

MICHELLE

You would know that, Mr. pre-med.

\*

RYAN

6.

It's a  
creamy breakdown of body fat.  
Basically, if you're buried right,  
your skin turns into poison  
crisco.

MICHELLE

(green)

I want to get out of here.

RYAN

(sees the approaching  
Officer)We'll be moving in a minute, here  
comes Deputy Dawg.

Michelle rolls her window down as the Officer leans in  
to peek.

OFFICER

(Texas terse)

Coming from?

MICHELLE

L.A.

OFFICER

Going to?

MICHELLE

Deland, Florida.

OFFICER

Something wrong with the airlines?

MICHELLE

(smiles)

I'm delivering this car, to my  
father? Do you want to see the  
papers?

OFFICER

It's okay, just hurry along.

RYAN

Hey, what happened here?

OFFICER

None of your business son, just  
move along. And keep moving, don't  
stop for nothing or nobody.

He backs away and waves them through. Michelle pulls away.

12 (CONT.)

RYAN

Damn, this is just like that body  
pit they found down in Mexico.

MICHELLE

Ryan, please, enough.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

13 INT. MERCEDES - TRAVELING - DAY

13

Michelle rubs her eyes as she drives. Ryan fiddles  
with the radio some more. STATIC. Too remote, twangy  
Country/Western. He shuts it off. He dons his walkman.

MICHELLE

(indicates  
headphones)

Will you stop hiding inside these.

RYAN

(plays dumb)

What? Reception is shit.

MICHELLE

(beat)

So's our conversation.

Silence, Ryan's wheels turning.

MICHELLE

Look, if we beat this to death,  
we'll just get mad. I don't want  
to fight anymore.

RYAN

Me neither. What's the point?  
After Florida, you're off to N.Y.,  
then it's "Air Britannia" all the  
way.

(beat)

If we fight, you're gone; if we  
don't fight, you're still gone.  
Either way, we're over.

MICHELLE

(soft)

I need some time on my own. I  
wanted you on this trip so we  
could talk.

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RYAN

You mean tippy-toe around the  
important stuff with chit-chat.

MICHELLE

That sounds like my dad talking,  
not you.

Ryan fiddles with the walkman, but doesn't turn it on. \*

RYAN

Could be worse. At least we're not  
as bad off as those people in that  
pit.

MICHELLE

(rueful)

They were all...murdered, God, I  
mean, they had to be...

RYAN

(overrides)

They didn't dive in with big grins  
and bathing suits. They ought to  
fry the people who did it.

MICHELLE

Violence is no answer to violence.

RYAN

(rolls his eyes)

Welcome to the real world. Sooner  
or later you've got to live in it.  
No matter where you run.

He tries the radio again. Flips it on. He gets ABRASIVE  
CONELRAD NOISES (Irritating, static sounds.) It sounds  
like they're moving away from the planet. For a brief  
moment, we HEAR something like a BBC broadcast, then it  
FADES OUT.

13 (CONT.)

Ryan winces and shuts it off

RYAN

Well, we're here.

MICHELLE

Where?

He gestures towards a weathered, ancient sign outside, riddled with buckshot holes. It reads, "LAST CHANCE FOR GAS - 10 MI. BEER - COLD DRINKS - RESSROOMS - MAPS."

Ryan cracks a smile.

RYAN

The end of the world.

Michelle starts to let out a laugh, but suddenly SLAMS ON THE BREAKS as her eyes widen.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. ROAD - LOW ANGLE ON MERCEDES

14

As it pastes an armadillo trying to wobble across the pavement. STAY WITH CAR as it noses down and fishtails to a panic stop.

15 CLOSE ON ARMADILLO - MERCEDES FAR B.G.

15

Still alive, hindquarters crushed. Struggling to move. Sunlight glints off a strange chromed animal skull earring hanging off the armadillo's ear. Ryan arrives at the scene, followed by Michelle.

MICHELLE

What'd I do? Please God...

RYAN

We can't leave him like this.

MICHELLE

I know.

Michelle hunts around for a large rock. Ryan stares at the animal.

15 (CONT.)

Michelle arrives with the rock. She looks down at the dying animal.

MICHELLE  
Sorry little guy.

She hefts the rock over her head.

SLOW ZOOM IN on the armadillo's strange earring.

RESUME MICHELLE. She can't do it. Ryan steps up. They stare at each other for a beat. He holds out his hand, she hands him the rock. She moves back to the car.

She turns around in time to see Ryan raise the rock.

16 LOW ANGLE - RYAN

16

As he brings the rock down to BLACK OUT THE SCREEN.  
!CRUNCH!

CUT TO:

A16 INT. CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

A16

EXTREME CLOSE ON fingers moving across the frame, to eventually reveal the skull earring off the 'dillo.

ON RYAN AND MICHELLE as we see that Ryan is holding the earring. He hands it to Michelle.

RYAN  
Little bizarre.

MICHELLE  
Maybe he belonged to someone.

RYAN  
What, "pet" armadilloes?

Michelle isn't listening. She's staring at the earring, mesmerized. She snaps to and reaches up to adjust the rearview mirror.

WE PULL OUT THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD and boom down to reveal the blood stained front grille of the car.

CUT TO:

COI IO:

17

## EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

An ND rice-burner compact pulls up large INTO FRAME. Fuzzy dice on the mirror. Metalzoid bumper stickers. Passenger door CREAKS open. EDGE/THRASH music POUNDS OUT. TEX dismounts, pulling an olive drab duffel after him. He is our own Marlboro Man, rangy, whipcord, windblown, stoic.

TEX

Thanks again, ace.

The DRIVER pounds his wheel in 4/4, salutes, gives a thumbs up. Tex has to SLAM the door 2 or 3 times to shut it. The car tootles away. Tex hefts his duffel and watches the car leave. He turns. FOLLOW HIS GAZE TO

18

## THE LAST CHANCE FOR GAS

at the terminus of an ill-maintained OFFRAMP. Beyond it a narrow two-lane road curving away into eventual foothills. Where Tex stands on the highway there are two signs. One is another abused Last Chance sign, as earlier. The other is a State Highway sign. Bullet holes, rust, age:

LANSDALE 92 mi.  
CALCIMINE 137 mi.

Tex YAWNS big, plugs a toothpick into his mouth, and saunters down the offramp. WITH HIM as he walks.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. LAST CHANCE - DAY

19

We can see Tex approaching b.g. and beyond that,  
the Mercedes turning down the offramp.

ALFREDO (O.S.)  
(lewd)  
Customers.

I9 (CONT.)

ALFREDO steps into view. He wears a filthy coverall with his name stitched into the pocket oval. Unshaven, stinky, and backwoods. Bad teeth. Long, grease-caked fingernails. Pump jock grime. He's forever fidgeting and wiping his hands like Lady Macbeth. He wears a beat up Polaroid camera around his neck, as well as a chromed-out skull earring off his left ear.

We also get a better look at the Last Chance station as Alfredo MOVES to the pumps. One bay, sagging roof. Two old style globe-topped pumps. Dead neon. Litter. Air hoses w/meters. Nehi thermometer @ 92. Old maze type soft drink cooler. Dr. Pepper signs and hubcaps and licenses nailed all over the exterior, like a carapace. Tinfoiled windows. Grit and dust; dead flies on the sills. Years of silt. Paint long faded on concrete. To the left a GARAGE BAY with a closed roll-up door. Built into the front of the office is a carny-tent style SOUVENIR STAND. The office screen door bangs in the breeze. The souvenir stand is filled with bizarre, bone and metal sculpture.

Tex arrives. The Mercedes pulls up in a dustcloud. Tex's manner is measured, wary.

TEX  
(to Alfredo)  
Que pasa.

Alfredo's expression sours. His eyes narrow at Tex, then he begins to smile, and GIGGLE. Tex gives him a wide berth.

CUT TO:

20 INT. MERCEDES - IN SERVICE BAY - DAY

20

ON Michelle as she looks around, kills the engine.

MICHELLE  
You first. Make sure the bathroom's safe for human use.

RYAN  
Dream on.  
(beat)  
You okay?

She nods, stoic, tear tracks still on her face. She wipes them, using the mirror, as Ryan dismounts and searches for the restroom.

20 (CONT.)

She takes a moment to get herself together. It's SUDDENLY SHATTERED by the sudden appearance of an ornate, feathered animal skull outside her window. She GASPS. It PULLS BACK and we see a GIGGLING Alfredo behind it. It's a skull mounted on a telescoping, accordian like wooden mechanism. One of Alfredo's bizarre souvenirs.

Before Michelle has a chance to recover, Alfredo SNAPS her picture with the polaroid. He throws the souvenir down and waits for the photo to develop.

ALFREDO

Got ya. Got ya good! Wanna buy it?! Five bucks! It's a good picture!

MICHELLE

(locks her door,  
nervous)

No, no thanks. Could you just fill it up, we're in a hurry.

Alfredo's expression darkens. He spits on the ground. Michelle rolls up her window. Alfredo moves to the gas tank. Michelle notices his earring. She pulls the one got off the road by the armadillo and compares them. They're similar.

ALFREDO

(insane muttering,  
mocking)

"Fill it up." I'll "fill it up"  
alright, fill it up for sure, make  
her moan...

He SLAMS the nozzle into the gas tank, like rape.

TIGHT ON THE WING MIRROR - ALFREDO

Grinning and jacking off the nozzle. Michelle sees it.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. MERCEDES - DAY

21

Michelle explodes out of the car and backs away from still grinning Alfredo. She backs right into Tex. She jumps and spins around. Tex smiles, pure Gary Cooper.

TEX

Sorry ma'am.

21 (CONT.)

Tex looks past her to Alfredo.

TEX (CONT.)  
(to Alfredo, hard)  
Hope you're not giving the lady a  
hard time?

Alfredo's grin drops, he cowers behind the car and goes about his work. Message understood.

MICHELLE  
(grateful)  
Thanks.

TEX  
Don't mention it. That guy's a little touched is all, been that way since he lost his job at the ol' slaughter house, sorta the town loony.

They walk toward the car's front grill. Tex sees the crusted armadillo bloodsplat.

TEX (CONT.)  
Looks like you had yourself a little mishap.

MICHELLE  
(the memory hurts)  
We hit this little animal in the road.

TEX  
Who's "we?"

MICHELLE  
My friend and I. we...I, killed it.

Tex is now eye-to-eye with her.

TEX  
I wouldn't feel too bad. There's road kill all over Texas. Natural order of things.

She nods, looks up at him.

TEX (CONT.)  
'Sides, if you were the last thing I saw before I died...I know I'd die happy.

Tex is just too western. Is Michelle charmed? A bit.

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CUT TO:

14

21B ON THE SOUVENIR STAND - DAY

21

Ryan returns from the restroom and pauses by the stand. He eyeballs all the bizarre tokens and items. His eyes stop by a collection of hanging beef jerky. He eyes it.

Ryan smiles and starts to back away.

CUT TO:

22 OMIT

23 RESUME MICHELLE AND TEX

As Ryan returns. When he spots Tex, it's instant caveman hostility.

RYAN  
Who's this?

Tex tips his hat. To Michelle.

TEX  
Call me Tex. Ma'am.

Michelle has to stifle a smile. Tex, it figures.

RYAN  
(more to himself)  
"Yippy-I-O-KAY-Y ya'll."

Michelle throws a "be nice" face to Ryan. Tex attempts a friendly de-fuse.

TEX  
Listen--I'd be happy to buy you both a beer or something, if there's a gnat's chance of catching a ride into Landsdale.

He indicates the road leading away from the highway

RYAN  
(immediately)  
Sorry, we're on a tight schedule.

MICHELLE  
Hey, it's worth discussing.  
Ryan makes a face. Not his lifetime.

MICHELLE (CONT.)  
But first I need to use the  
bathroom.  
(to Ryan)  
That way?

Ryan cocks a thumb past the souvenir stand.

RYAN  
Thataway. It'll change your life.

Michelle moves off.

CUT TO:

24 BACKSIDE OF LAST CHANCE - THE RESTROOMS

24

There are two. Men and Ladies, side by side. Both have encrusted doors, with a carved outhouse quarter-moon. The ladies' door hangs open, askew. She makes a face. Yeeee.

25 INT. RESTROOM - DAY

25

As Michelle enters, cautious. A close cubicle, shit tinted. A holocaust of rust and bacteria. Half a cataracted mirror hangs loose. Wads of soggy paper all over the wet floor. Overflowing waste basket.

There's also a crazy collage of cut up magazine ads of pretty women pasted to the walls. A broken, jagged mirror hangs in one spot. Its shape matches the pictures from the magazines.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. LAST CHANCE - TEX AND RYAN - DAY

TEX  
If you're headed for Houston you  
can save time by going through  
Landsdale.

RYAN  
(know it all)  
No. On the highway's it's a  
straight shot.

16

TEX

Use to be. Not now. Show me your map and I'll prove it.

CUT TO:

## 27 INT. ALFREDO'S OFFICE - DAY

27

Alfredo creeps up to a bizarre painting on a cluttered wall and lifts it off, revealing a peep hole. We move over his shoulder and into the hole to REVEAL MICHELLE in the ladies room.

CUT TO:

## 28 EXT. LAST CHANCE - RESUMING TEX AND RYAN - DAY

2

They have a map spread on the hood of the car.

TEX

See? This map's 1973.

(points)

This road's gone. You're taking the long way 'round.

RYAN

(hostile)

Look, what's the damn difference, it all looks the same.

TEX

(supercool)

Difference is, it ain't best to be foolin' around these parts on the wrong roads. I'm just tryin' to get home.

(beat)

Where the hell did that grease monkey get to?

CUT TO:

## 29 OMIT

## 30 INT. RESTROOM - ON MICHELLE - DAY

Michelle looks about the walls, her eyes focus on a butchering diagram for a cow, around it are pinned several other meat-related signs. She turns to see her reflection in the broken mirror, making her look like one of the magazine cut-outs. She turns away, and we RACK FOCUS to reveal a vague pattern which has been screened over the mirror. It's another butchering diagram.

She HEARS a COMMOTION outside.

17

TEX (O.S.)  
(pissed)  
Let's go you shitheap!

ALFREDO (O.S.)  
(frantic)  
AIN'T RIGHT!! MY PICTURE!!! SHE'S  
MINE!!! I GOT HER!!!

Michelle rushes out.

31 EXT. RESTROOM - DAY

31

Michelle emerges to see Tex hammerlocking Alfredo.

MICHELLE  
(covers herself with  
her arms)  
Was he doing...?

TEX  
Yup. Caught the sonuvabitch havin'  
a peekaboo party by his ownself.  
You was the star.

ALFREDO  
(squirms, livid,  
ratlike)

Lemme go! I was only lookin'!  
She know'd it, she liked it! Let  
me go, this here's my place!

\*  
\*  
\*

Alfredo becomes more violent.

MICHELLE  
I think I'm gonna throw up.

TEX  
I'd just get along if I were you.

Michelle takes his advice.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. LAST CHANCE - ON MERCEDES - DAY

Ryan waits by the car, finishing his beef jerky. Here comes Michelle.

MICHELLE  
Time to go.

32 (CONT.)

Ryan looks back and sees Tex coming up. Thinks the wrong thing.

RYAN  
(concerned)  
What happened?

MICHELLE  
This is not my day.

Tex starts to hurry towards them.

TEX  
(urgent)  
Get in the car. Now.

Alfredo follows.

ALFREDO

Lying bitch! You ruined my picture!  
Oh yes you did. Fucked it up, you  
twinkle-twat!

All are suddenly alerted to the SOUND of Alfredo cocking the hammers on an old Savage and Fox double barrel 12 gauge. He points it in Michelle's general direction.

ALFREDO  
Hog bitch! Weaker sex, weaker sex!  
Cawdamn!

TEX  
(to Michelle)  
Go on. Outta here, I'll take care  
of--

Alfredo spins on Tex with the shotgun.

ALFREDO  
Smokes a turd in hell and shut the fuck up, shitboot!

Ryan shoves Michelle in behind the wheel.

TEX  
(tension rising)  
Get the hell outta here!

32 (CONT.)

Galvanized, Michelle fires the engine as Ryan dives into the backseat. Alfredo moves around to the front of the Mercedes. She GUNS IT as he brings the barrel up. The Mercedes lays rubber.

Alfredo cuts loose a round at their back end:

32 (CONT.)

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--XABOOM!

CUT TO:

33 INT. MERCEDES - TRAVELING - DAY

33

Michelle SCREAMS and Ryan hits the deck as shot SPLATTERS to star the rear window in a dozen places.

... RYAN  
Jesus Christ!

CUT TO:

34 OMIT

35 INT. MERCEDES - TRAVELING - DUSK

35

As Ryan comes up to look through the distorted rear window and sees--

RYAN'S POV - LAST CHANCE

All we can make out through the fractured glass is the fact that Alfredo turns towards where Tex should be and FIRES AGAIN.

Michelle HEARS IT and flinches in shock.

RYAN  
Oh holy fuck. He dusted him.

WIDEN ANGLE to include Michelle.

MICHELLE  
(freaking)  
Dusted who! What are you talking about!?

RYAN  
(shouting)  
The cowboy! I think he shot the cowboy!

MICHELLE  
(near hysterics)  
What! Why! What did you say!?

RYAN  
Me! I didn't do anything! Let's just move it!

35 (CONT.)

Ryan POUNDS the dash, POUNDS the seatback.

RYAN  
Go! Go faster!

Michelle SWERVES OFFROAD. She's no combat driver.

CUT TO:

35A EXT. MERCEDES - DUSK

35A

The car comes to a SCREECHING STOP. We are outside looking in at Ryan and Michelle. Michelle tries to regain control of herself before attempting to control the car again.

MICHELLE  
(struggling)  
We've gotta find cops. That town.

RYAN  
And what if there isn't any town?  
(beat)  
Just drive!

MICHELLE  
Where?

RYAN  
Take the cowboy's route, up therel

She pulls out.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. ROADWAY - DUSK

36

As the Mercedes rounds a curve, taillights vanishing.

37 OMIT

37

38 OMIT

38

39 EXT. LAST CHANCE - ON ALFREDO - DUSK

39

He hoists his shotgun and HOWLS: AWOOOOOO!!! He turns towards the departing Mercedes. He smiles.

ALFREDO  
Trap's sprung, time for fun, hehehehee!

CUT TO:

39B GARAGE BAY - DUSK

39B

ON THE ROLL DOWN DOOR as it RUMBLES UPWARD. We get a fleeting glimpse of an enormous truck sitting in the before it's ENGINE ROARS to life and it's headlights snap on, blinding us to everything except Alfredo's GIGGLE.

40 EXT. ROADWAY - LOW ANGLE ON MERCEDES - DUSK

40

As it barrels on down the road.

CUT TO:

40B INT. MERCEDES - TRAVELING - NIGHT

40B

Ryan and Michelle are still running high on adrenaline and still very, very scared.

RYAN  
Slow down, you'll kill us!

MICHELLE  
WHERE THE HELL ARE THE COPS! YOU SAID THERE WAS A TOWN NEAR HERE!!

RYAN  
THAT'S WHAT HE TOLD ME!!! SLOW DOWN!!

The car quakes with speed over the bumpy road.

MICHELLE  
(snorting up tears)  
I'm not stopping 'till we find somebody.

RYAN  
We'll find someone, just take it easy!!! We're far away from that guy.

For a moment, there's silence in the car. They each take a moment to collect themselves. As soon as it appears that they seem just a tiny bit more calm, the an EAR-SPLITTING SHOT OF THE CONELRAD BLARES OUT OF THE radio in a sudden burst. Michelle jumps, the car swerves.

MICHELLE  
TURN IT OFF! TURN IT OFF!!!

Ryan reaches over and turns it off.

40 B (CONT.)

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MICHELLE  
 (back up to full  
 stress)  
 I THOUGHT YOU TURNED IT OFF!

RYAN  
 I DID! WILL YOU WATCH THE ROAD!!!

CUT TO:

41	OMIT	41
42	OMIT	42
43	EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - ON MERCEDES	43
As it runs over a huge chunk of TIRE TREAD coiled in the road. THUMP!		
44	INT. MERCEDES - TRAVELING - NIGHT	44

Michelle fights to control the car.

RYAN  
 STOP SWERVING!! It's just a tire  
 tread!

MICHELLE  
 Stop screaming at me!

She straightens the car. Her attention is taken by  
 an O.S. REVVING. A BIG ENGINE.

RYAN  
 Look if you'd just---

MICHELLE  
 (cuts him off)  
 Shhh! Listen.

Ryan HEARS the ENGINE as WELL. It FADES, the grows  
 LOUDER. They're being stalked.

CUT TO:

45	INT. MERCEDES - TRAVELING - NIGHT - ON RYAN	*45
As he looks around trying to track the sound. getting closer. The REVS are LOUDER OUT HERE.		

RYAN  
 (nervous)  
 Where the fuck is it...?

CUT TO:

46 INT. MERCEDES - TRAVELING - NIGHT

46

Ryan's adrenaline comes up. VAROOM. VAROOM.

The Mercedes is suddenly FLOODED WITH LIGHT as a  
 a pair of incredibly bright C-Beams snap on behind  
 them. There's been something behind them all the  
 time, invisible in the darkness. Ryan and Michelle  
 are startled and jump in the seats.

RYAN  
 (panic)  
 I CAN'T SEE!

The vehicle pulls around and reveals itself. A TERROR \*  
 TRUCK! And it is major!

Jacked chassis, off-road tough. Gigantic knobbed  
 wheels, the kind we usually see crushing buses at  
 motorcross shows. Lots of random chrome. Huge ram  
 bumpers with knuckle like rivets. A fat rollbar and a  
 brace of C-beams over the cab. Across the bed beneath  
 the cab's rear window is a rack of 20-gallon jerrycans.  
 Two more mounted on the sides. Unlimited range,  
 freight-train powerful.

We can see a human skull mounted on the dash.

RYAN (CONT.)  
 (awe)  
Motherfuck...

CUT TO:

47 EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT

47

The Terror Truck suddenly veers off out into the  
 blackness.

CUT TO:

48 INT. MERCEDES - ON MICHELLE

48

As a dead COYOTE SUDDENLY SMASHES into the windshield  
 right in front of her face, staring and bloodying the  
 safety glass. She SCREAMS and cranks the wheel hard  
 over.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT - ON MERCEDES

49

IT SPINS twice, BLOWING the left front tire and grinding to a stop astraddle the stripe. The coyote SLIDES and gets hung up on the hood ornament. Its legs BANG the grille limply.

50 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT - FAST INTERCUTS:

50

-Michelle through the red, cracked glass.

-Ryan getting dumped around the back.

-CLOSE ON MICHELLE'S HANDS on the wheel, feet on the pedals, etc.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT - RESUME MERCEDES

51

Rocking, then still. Radiator HISS. The truck lights have vanished. Tread from the blown tire wobbles on the road. Ryan punches open his door. Dazed. He walks backward, distancing himself as though the car is venomous. Sees the coyote crucified on the grille. Jumps to help Michelle stagger out. Confusion.

RYAN

Ohmigod, we hit another one.

MICHELLE

(realizing)

No. It hit us! IT HIT US! HE THREW  
IT!

RYAN

(looks around)

WHERE THE HELL IS HE!

MICHELLE

We have to change this tire, he  
could be back!

RYAN

(losing it)

Why is he doing this!?

MICHELLE

Ryan...

RYAN

This isn't happening.

'51' (CONT.)

She grabs him.

MICHELLE

It's HAPPENING! To US!!! WE HAVE  
TO CHANGE THIS TIRE AND GET OUT OF  
HERE!!!

RYAN

(takes a breath)

Okay...okay. Slow and easy for  
both of us, because I'm about to  
lose it. Pop the trunk, start the  
tire, I'll take care of that.

He motions to the coyote.

Michelle heads for the trunk while Ryan grabs the  
coyote. We see, but he doesn't, a little chrome earring  
hanging off the dead animal's ear.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. ROADWAY - BEHIND MERCEDES - VERY DARK

52

MOVING POV of tarmac @ walking pace. We HEAR SQUEAK-  
THUMP-CLOP, SQUEAK-THUMP-CLOP. Someone in big boots is  
galumphing purposefully along but has a hinge that  
needs oil on one side. CAMERA GRADUALLY CRESTS THE RISE  
to reveal the Mercedes about fifty yards distant as  
Michelle and Ryan change the flat. The CLOSER our  
PSYCHO-CAM gets the better we can HEAR them TALKING.  
THROUGHOUT, OVER: SQUEAK-THUMP-CLOP.

RYAN (FADE IN V.O.)

...rim's like a potato chip, I'm  
going as fast as I can!

MICHELLE (V.O.)

C'mon, he's out there, circling, I  
can feel it, HURRY!!!

CUT TO:

53 EXT. ROADWAY - ON MERCEDES - NIGHT

53

Resuming Michelle and Ryan. They work furiously,  
a little clumsily, due to the speed.

RYAN

No, that goes this way!

MICHELLE

Let me help, we're not moving fast  
enough!!!

53 (CONT.)

They frantically struggle to finish the job. \*

RYAN  
(feverish)  
Only two more lugs.

MICHELLE  
(rises, pale)  
Hear that?

Ryan snaps up. They listen. Then: SQUEAK-CLOP-THUMP,  
O.S., GETTING CLOSER. \*

53 (CONT.)

ANOTHER ANGLE - TRACKING AROUND THEM

The whole desert is a threat. They try to fix the sound.

RYAN  
Doesn't sound like a truck.

MICHELLE  
No...it sounds like something worse.

She shines a 9-volt lamp up and down the roadway.  
The beam shakes in her hands.

RYAN  
(annoyed)  
Hey, I need that light down here!  
Michelle!

MICHELLE  
(sees something)  
Finish it Ryan. Finish it now!

53 (CONT.)

CLOSE ON WHEEL WELL - RYAN

As he wheels over the spare. His hands are greasy, slippery, slow. Milk tension.

He twists around to have a look.

54 ON THE ROADWAY - INCLUDE MICHELLE

A plunging POV that makes the road snakelike, infinite. PUSH IN until we are all alone with what she sees: Someone big, walking toward them from the utter darkness.

(54 CONTINUED:)

The lamp has a lousy reach in this kind of dark. It looks like a disembodied FACE floating toward them. SQUEAK-THUMP-CLOP, louder now.

55 ANGLE ON MICHELLE

Backing away despite herself.

MICHELLE

Ryan. Ryan. Hurry up. I mean it!

56 CLOSE-UP - THE SPARE

As Ryan's hands hoist it onto the lugs.

57 RESUME ROADWAY - TRACKING BACK

as more of the figure RESOLVES from darkness, the SQUEAK-THUMP-CLOP matching his giant stride. Dressed all in black. It isn't Omar Sharif.

MICHELLE

(peaking)

Ryan!

Visible now is a huge chainsaw with a yard-long blade. Tug #1 on the starter rope. The motor sputters.

58 CLOSEUP - WHEEL WELL - ON RYAN

He gets a move on, twiddling the lug nuts.

59 RESUME LEATHERFACE

Yep, that's who it is, picking up downhill speed toward the Mercedes. Tug #2 on the rope. Sparks. No go.

(Leatherface's fashion ensemble at this stage will include, but is not limited to, a large, bulky leather jacket in black. Most of his left leg is encased in a chromium brace that SQUEAKS when he walks. There is other obvious weird repair-work evident, Frankensteinian. Tall brown tooled cowboy boots worn outside black pants with conchos and thongs. His face is the wild quiltwork of dead flesh we saw under construction at the beginning. Beyond Gina's eye tattoo its principal features are a triangular cavern evidencing his total LACK of a nose. A dead nose is stitched off to one side of the oral/nasal cavern. He wears a SKULL HELMET from some desert beastie and a punked-out WIG to match. A bandolero of severed fingers, like bullets.

(CONT)

(59 CONTINUED: )

Necklaces of teeth, animal and human. A huge Lone Star belt buckle.)

TEASING GLIMPSES of all this as he gets closer.

60 CLOSE-UP - MICHELLE

Drinking in this panorama of input. Not believing it. She's shouting at Ryan and Ryan is shouting back and --

61 ANGLE ON ROADWAY - FROM MERCEDES

And nobody's there now. Just desert animal noises.

62 INCLUDE MICHELLE AND RYAN

She gets it in gear.

MICHELLE  
(jumpy)  
Is it on?

Ryan rises, the X-shaped lug wrench in his hand, and crosses to close the trunk.

RYAN  
It's on and we're gone. Now.

63 ON MICHELLE as she turns with the light, to REVEAL LEATHERFACE standing right in front of her. She SCREAMS and drops the light, which continues to illuminate Leatherface. He pulls the cord on his saw and STARTS IT! \* 63

64 ON MICHELLE

Eyes wide. She DIVES for the wheel and starts the car.

65 WITH RYAN

As he dives for the passenger door, can't open it. He can't open it, so he dives and rolls over the trunk to get to the other side of the car. Leatherface slams the saw down on the TRUNK, narrowly missing Ryan as he goes by.\* 65

66 ON MERCEDES- FROM GRILLE

as it TAXES OFF -- but in REVERSE, not forward. UP ANGLE as Leatherface is HIT and the trunk lid FLIPS up, to obscure him.

CUT TO:

67

CLOSE-UP - CHAINSAW

67

Turning in the air, similar to our COYOTE SHOT. It strikes the pavement, its chain SNAPPING apart and the motor sputtering DEAD.

CUT TO:

31.

68 INT. MERCEDES - TRAVELING - NIGHT

68

ON MICHELLE as she realizes her goof and corrects.

MICHELLE

First gear, first gear...

She slots it to 1 and digs out.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. ROADWAY - ON MERCEDES TAILGATE - NIGHT

69

As Leatherface's gloved hand grabs the bumper. His other hand gets a grip. Smoke from the tires.

CUT TO:

70 INT. MERCEDES - TRAVELING - NIGHT

70

ON RYAN as he sees, from backseat through the TRUNK CRACK, Leatherface doggedly hanging on.

RYAN

He's climbing up the back! Right behind us!

(to Michelle)

Go! Go!

71 ON SPEEDOMETER

7

Climbing. WIDEN to include Michelle driving, eyes front.

CUT TO:

72 OMIT

7

73 OMIT

7

.32

74 OMIT

74

75 INT. MERCEDES. - TRAVELING - NIGHT - ON TRUNK LID

75

As it, and Leatherface, are both shaken off.

\*

RYAN

YES!!!

~ON MICHELLE

Frantic, trying to drive and comprehend what's going on.

MICHELLE

What happened!? Did we lose him!?

ON RYAN

RYAN

Fuckin' A.

(turns to her, crazy  
relief)

He got our trunk lid.

RESUME MICHELLE

MICHELLE

He can keep it.

She keeps the pedal down and manages to negotiate  
the road, which begins to curve as we approach the  
aforementioned foothills.

CUT TO:

A75 EXT. ROAD - ON LEATHERFACE - NIGHT

A75 \*

Leatherface, still illuminated by Michelle's light,  
throws a tantrum with the Merc's trunk lid still in his  
hands. He bends it in his bare hands and drops it on the  
light, which smashes and goes out.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT - ON MERCEDES

76

As it hiballs PAST FRAME in the utter darkness. Desert  
NOISES. Fade CONELRAD UP AND OUT.

RYAN (V.O.)

Stop! You gotta stop! The tire!

\*

CUT TO:

.33

A76 INT. CAR - TRAVELING- NIGHT

A76 \*

Michelle, driving, intense. Ryan, imploring.

\*

MICHELLE  
I'm not stopping.

\*

RYAN  
We might lose the tire!

\*

CUT TO:

B76 EXT. CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

B76 \*

The car speeds past.

\*

CUT TO:

C76 INT. CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

C76 \*

Michelle, unyielding.

\*

MICHELLE  
I'm not stopping.

\*

CUT TO:

77 ANOTHER ANGLE - ROADWAY

77

A deep-focus long distance POV. Leatherface RISES into FRAME (SQUEAK). OVER HIS SHOULDER we glimpse the departing Lincoln, lights appearing and vanishing, up and down, on the road farther from him.

RYAN (V.O.)  
STOP THE DAMN CAR! We're far  
enough away! We gotta tighten  
those lugs!

\*

\*

\*

CUT TO:

78 EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT

78 \*

ON THE MERC as it SCREECHES to a stop. The doors open and Michelle and Ryan come flying out.

\*

MICHELLE  
Alright! We'll stop! Just hurry.

\*

RYAN  
I plan to.

\*

He grabs a lug wrench from the back seat and starts to go to work on the tire. Michelle checks out the gouges on the Merc's rear.

\*

\*

\*

MICHELLE  
(horrified)  
What are these people?

RYAN  
(urgent)  
Who the fuck knows. Who the fuck  
wants to know.

MICHELLE  
I can't see anything out there!

RYAN  
Good.

She heads for the driver's seat. She rubs her head and eyes, big Moby headache. O.S. CLANG of the lug wrench.

RYAN  
Let's hit it.

A blattering GUITAR RIFF slices through this. Some suitably demented M.O.D. type thrash tune's intro. We CARRY it over as we:

MATCH CUT TO:

79 Omit.

80 Omit.

81 Omit.

CUT TO:

82 OMIT

82

83 EXT. ROADWAY - ON MERCEDES - TRAVELING - NIGHT

83

We see Michelle and Ryan through the fractured wind-shield. Michelle "feels" the road, swerves a few times.

She hits another chunk of blown tire tread.

CUT TO:

84 INT. MERCEDES - TRAVELING - NIGHT

84

Michelle and Ryan drive, clenched, white-knuckles.

RYAN

Tire's not wobbling, we just might  
make it. Slow up.

MICHELLE

(no way)  
No thanks.

She laughs. It makes Ryan nervous.

CUT TO:

34B

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84A Omit.

CUT TO:

84B INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

84B

Back on Ryan and Michelle.

RYAN  
(regarding her laugh)  
What's so funny?

MICHELLE

Daddy.  
(imitates him)  
"My best Mercedes. Not a scratch  
on it. I am trusting you young  
lady."

He knows her imitation is dead on and he laughs.  
It's gallows humor.

RYAN  
We should introduce him to that  
guy back at the gas station.

Laughter rises to semi-hysterics.

RYAN (CONT.)  
Let him check the dipstick.

They suddenly stop laughing when:

REV.-7/12/89

85 OMIT

85 \*

86 OMIT

86 \*

87 OMIT

87 \*

CUT TO:

- CUT TO:
- 88 EXT. ROADWAY - ON CURVE - NIGHT 88  
as the MERCEDES cougars around the curve and is NAILED by the headlights of the oncoming vehicle.
- CUT TO:
- 89 INT. MERCEDES - RESUMING MICHELLE 89  
Her eyes go wide in the glare as she SEES --
- CUT TO:
- 90 EXT. ROADWAY - MICHELLE'S POV - TEX 91  
Laying in the middle of the road, then sitting up like a zombie as the headlights WHITE HIM OUT. There is BLOOD all over him.
- CUT TO:
- 91 INT. MERCEDES - RESUMING MICHELLE 91  
We see the frustration on her face as she decides to PANIC STOP and slams brakes. The THRASH tune heard earlier should FADE UP amid all this as the oncoming Jeep grows closer. The Lincoln starts to SPIN.
- CUT TO:
- 92 EXT. ROADWAY - RESUMING TEX C  
Trapped dead bang between the two cars, drowned in light, Just a hard-edged silhouette. ENGINES - TIRES - MUSIC -- all a ROAR now.
- CUT TO:
- 93 VARIOUS ANGLES - THE COLLISION - NIGHT 94  
which occurs about forty yards from a definite upward FORK in the roadway. Tex seems to EVAPORATE as BOTH vehicles break arc to DODGE him.

(CONT)

(93 CONTINUED: )

The Jeep SKIDS to broadside the shoulder of the road. Its driver (BENNY) is ejected. The Jeep kicks up much dust, heels over onto its side, and scatters PARTS.

The ~~WRECKED~~ goes ass-first offroad and rolls DOWN the hillside BACKWARD, wiping out trees and foliage. Total chaos of greenery and dust. It hits a rock outcrop and begins to TUMBLE lengthwise, IMPLODING the roof, BLOWING out all the glass, and after a LONG downward haul it grinds to a stop, wheels cranking, fluids dribbled, hissing and pissing. HOLD on the wreck as smoke DRIFTS. Nobody is coming out right now.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. ROADWAY SHOULDER - NIGHT - ON JEEP

94

It's lights shining up toward the road until they are interrupted by the staggering silhouette of BENNY, a big black guy in tight-assed fatigue pants and a muscle tee that shows off his cut. Solidly built. Red kerchief and army boots with canvas shanks. Benny would love to have been a Nam vet and is slightly pissed that he missed out. Slightly paranoid, slightly abrasive, slightly smartass. A genuine pussycat somewhere inside this survivalist envelope. He tries to hold his head on.

BENNY

Only one other crazy motherfucker  
on this damn road and he's gotta  
find and hit me!

\*  
\*  
\*

Dizziness whacks him to his knees. He gets up.

BENNY (CONT.)

Oww---shit!!!

As we FOLLOW Benny back to the Jeep we get a look at his hunting/camping gear, which is now distributed all over the crash zone. Tent, flyrod, pegs, pack, canteens, and garrison belts of equipment.

CLOSE-UP - SOLDIER OF FORTUNE Magazine

Draped over the sideways CB unit in the Jeep. Benny's hand removes it and tosses it away. The radio is intact but the microphone is gone.

ON BENNY

His expression of disgust as he considers the shredded mike wire. Wipes blood from his eyes.

(CONT)

(94 CONTINUED: )

As he unracks a baton flashlight from the roll bar we see the KILL TO LIVE helmet there. He checks his face in the mirror. Still handsome. He knew how to take the flying tumble. His shoulder is gashed and soaking his shirt. He breaks out a first aid kit and applies a field dressing to his arm. Flexes his fist and stands.

BENNY

Doesn't get better than this.

Carrying the flash and the kit, he switches off his headlights. He heads for the swath chopped by the downward bound Mercedes.

CUT TO:

95

EXT. LINCOLN WRECK - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Someone KICKS the jammed door feebly from within. Then Ryan's door SCRAPES OPEN about two feet and Ryan squeezes fetally through. Dazed, lacerated, contusions all over. A lot of oral and nasal blood plus a nasty impact GASH through his left eyebrow. Totally discombobulated.

When Benny LEANS INTO FRAME to help him it scares the shit out of Ryan. Then he gets some wits. Help hurts.

RYAN

Get her out. You get ... gotta  
get her out. Out.

He COUGHS and sprays Benny with watery blood.

BENNY

Yeah, well, we'll get you out  
first, champ.

He worms headfirst into the car with the lamp.

96

ON MICHELLE - BENNY'S POV - INT-DRIVING WRECK. NIGHT.

tangled unconscious in her shoulder harness, upside-down, blood streaming from her mouth to stain her hair. Pretty ugly. The car CLICKS and STEAMS like an oven cooling off.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. HILLSIDE - WRECK SITE - NIGHT

97

Ryan propped against a tree holding his head. Benny carries Michelle over in the light from his flash. Ryan is talking and Benny is mostly ignoring him.

RYAN

We have to move, can't stick  
around.

\*\*

77 (CONT.)

BENNY

Pal, you can't even stand around right now, just take it easy.

RYAN

There're people out there, guy with a chainsaw...

BENNY

You saw what?

RYAN

No, chainsaw...

He tries to rise. Bad idea. Benny interrupts.

BENNY

Don't try to move man, sounds like you're a few quarts shy of a full tank.

He retrieves the leaking cooler from the back seat. The Mercedes cabin lights are still on.

RYAN

(struggling up from the haze)

Listen to me, there's a crazy cult after us, they have guns...

BENNY

Yeah, I know, and chainsaws. Militant lumberjacks, see 'em all the time.

Before Ryan can protest, Benny quickly and professionally checks the set and dilation of Ryan's pupils. Eases his jaw open for a peek. Ryan WINCES; tries to keep warning Benny. Mushmouth dentist NOISES. Benny offers water from the cooler.

BENNY (CONT.)

(as he administers aid)

Still can't believe this. I've been going up to the hills every weekend for two years and I've never even seen another car on that road. Got a little survival camp with a few buddies of mine, keep training for the big blow up, know what I mean?

Benny gives Ryan a pill and some more water. Ryan has no choice but to swallow. Benny shoves in more water

Ryan spits out the water and grabs Benny's shirt with what little strength he has left.

RYAN

Listen. To. Me. We're being hunted. Do you FUCKING HEAR ME!

BENNY

(thinks he's crazy)  
Hunted, sure man, I hear you.

We HEAR the first GROAN that indicates that Michelle is still alive. Benny jumps to tend to her. Uses his kerchief to wipe blood.

BENNY

Hold still, you're okay...most of this shit looks superficial. Here, swallow this.

He gives her a pill and some water, as he did with Ryan.\* Michelle immediately struggles to her feet. She looks over to Ryan.

MICHELLE

(urgent)

Tex, did you see him!! He's still up there!!

BENNY

Who?

MICHELLE

(turns to him, backs away, suspicious)

Who are you!?

BENNY

The sorry-ass bastard you hit.

MICHELLE

We have to move before they find us!

BENNY

You people are serious...

RYAN

(drags him over to the back of the Mercedes)

See this?

Benny gets a look at the Chainsaw gauges in the back of the car.

97 (CONT.)

BENNY  
(serious)  
How many?

MICHELLE  
We don't know, two, maybe more.  
One's on foot, and he's got THAT!

She points to the gauge marks.

BENNY  
(thinking)  
That's a heavy goddamn saw...

MICHELLE  
(remembers)  
TEX! On the road, did you see him,  
before we hit?

BENNY  
Couldn't see nothin' 'cept your  
headlights.

MICHELLE  
He could still be alive, we have  
to go check, he saved us the first  
time.

Michelle starts to move up towards the road. She swoons. Benny steadies her, as Ryan also starts to sway.

RYAN  
What'd you give us?

BENNY  
Painkillers, kind of like super  
aspirin, might make you drowsy.

MICHELLE  
(freaks)  
ARE YOU NUTS! WE HAVE TO MOVE,  
THEY COULD BE RIGHT BEHIND US!

BENNY  
Hold it, you're in Benny's hands  
now. I rev up for this kind of  
thing. Just relax, I'll look for  
your friend.

RYAN  
No! This is nuts! They're up  
there!

(97)

CONTINUED: /4)

- BENNY

Shit. That only makes this just like everywhere else. I'll check on your buddy, and get some goodies from the jeep.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He vanishes into the brush. Ryan waves a hand but can't really move well.

RYAN

Shit.

\*

CUT TO:

98

EXT. ROADSIDE - INCLUDE JEEP - NIGHT

Benny emerges at the Crash Site and sees the Terror Truck idling there, lights and C-beams ablaze. Flares scattered all around. Hears a very strange CLICK sound and snaps around to SEE --

(CONT)

(98) CONTINUED: )

TINKERBELL

who is REVEALED on a FLARE STRIKE of red fire. He is strolling around striking and tossing flares. The CLICK noise - very distinctive - is the sound of the CHROME PINCERS in place of his right hand snapping shut around a fresh flare. He holds a BOX of them.

TINKERBELL

Looks like you had yourself a little mishap.

TINK is Leatherface's techno-inclined "adopted" Dad. In appearance the ultimate retro hippie burnout. An 8-track kinda guy with John Lennon specs. His regalia should include a PEACE SYMBOL and a vest. He wears a BANDOLERO, like Leatherface's, but Tink's is filled with screwdrivers, Allan wrenches, a switchblade, a scalpel, other cutting or fixing tools. He pushes his specs to the bridge of his nose.

ON BENNY

Nearing the Truck.

BENNY

Hey. I don't mean to be a big bother, but --

TINKERBELL

You had an accident. I already know that.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. HILLSIDE ~ MERCEDES WRECK - NIGHT \*

Weirdly lit by the vague cabin glow from the car. Abrupt MOVEMENT in the foliage attracts Ryan's notice.

RYAN

Michelle?

We see that Michelle is in dreamland right now.

RYAN (CONT)

(hoarse whisper)

Michelle? Dammit.

(CONT)

(99) CONTINUED: )

45

Ryan tries to crawl hands and knees to her. Too much work. He SLUMPS to the ground, his breath blowing dirt, and as he PASSES OUT --

RYAN (CONT)  
We've gotta ... get outta ...  
here.

Ryan, and we --

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. ROADWAY - WRECK SITE - NIGHT

10

On another FLARE STRIKE by Tinkerbell. He tosses the flare amid the others on the road.

TINKERBELL  
Beautiful.

Benny looks back to his Jeep, then to Tink.

TINKERBELL (CONT)  
So pretty, the glow. Technology  
is your friend, you know.

BENNY  
(uneasy)  
Yeah. Right. Listen, do you think  
we can --

Tinkerbell is apparently oblivious. Has his own agenda.

TINKERBELL  
Got the means, got the machines,  
yessir. \*

BENNY  
Can you help me turn my Jeep up  
-- or not?

Tink pauses as though considering this for the first time. Ponders. Scratches his head with the pincers.

TINKERBELL  
Upright? Certainly. What do  
you think all these flares are for?  
(beat)  
Stupid.

(CONT)

(100 CONTINUED: )

He wanders back to the Truck. Benny moves closer and now sights the CHAINSAW in the back --  
-- Leatherface's busted one.

ON BENNY

for his reaction. He smiles, too hale, too heartily.

BENNY

Just a sec. Gotta check one little thing first.

FOLLOW BENNY TO JEEP SITE - TRUCK B.G.

He rounds the Jeep and pops open rear storage. ANGLE is such that Tink cannot see the plastic-wrapped bundle Benny extracts.

ON THE TRUCK

Backing up, moving into position to face the Jeep.

ON THE TRUCK WINDOW

Driver's side, as the mirror glass cranks down and Tink shouts over the engine grumble.

TINKERBELL

You ready to roll there, young yeoman?

RESUME BENNY - TIGHT - ARRIFLEX

his movements swift and efficient as he breaks out the components of an M16 and starts a fast field assembly.

BENNY

Fifteen seconds!

RESUME THE TRUCK

Revving nastily. Vicious. Lamp-eyed. A monster. Hungry. Smoke farts from chrome pipes

CLOSE-UP - TRUCK HEADLIGHTS

SLAM IN TIGHT as they ebb and flare with the Truck revs. Tiger eyeballs. Varoom.

(CONT)

(100 CONTINUED: / 2)

REV.-7/12/89

RESUME BENNY

sweating now, sight-checking and locking down the barrel assembly. Grabs a yellow box of 5.56s. Has to reach back into storage to bring up an empty magazine. Snaps the bolt.

BENNY

Almost home, Lucille.

ON TINKERBELL - FACE-ON THROUGH WINDSHIELD

He shrugs. No more waiting. Grins.

CUT TO:

101 INT. TRUCK CAB - ON TINKERBELL - NIGHT

slamming into first and mashing the pedal.

101

TINKERBELL

Push comes to shove!

CUT TO:

102 EXT. ROADWAY - ON TRUCK

102

CLOSE on wheels spinning, smoking. CHARGE!

103 CLOSE-UP - BENNY'S HANDS

103

Breaking open the box of cartridges. Slams an empty clip into the pocket of his fatigues to do it. TILT to his face when we hear the Truck coming fast.

BENNY

Shit fit.

104 ANGLE ON TRUCK - MOVING

104

as it RAMS the Jeep, breaking a lot of stuff therein.

105 OMIT

\* 105

106 OMIT

\* 107

107 EXT.- ROADSIDE / SLOPE - NIGHT.  
RESUME BENNY

107

We see cartridges in the dirt as his hand CAPTURES the half-full box. The IMPACT flings Benny into the brush, M16 and all. He TUMBLES uncontrollably down the hill.

WITH BENNY AS HE ROLLS DOWN THE HILL

A 60° slope or worse. Lots of sharp objects bash him before he hits bottom. He snaps branches, eats foliage, bounces and rolls.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. ROADWAY - ON TRUCK - NIGHT

108

Idling and smoking. Tink leans out the window.

TINKERBELL

Strike two, you're out.

(beat)

And I thought they was supposed  
to be good ath-e-leets.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. HILLSIDE - RESUMING BENNY'S FALL - LINCOLN  
WRECK B.G. - NIGHT

109

Benny spread eagles to slow his descent and slides to level turf through debris. RACK FOCUS to reveal Leatherface scant yards away, preparing to do dirty to Ryan and Michelle. His face snaps around and his Yank on the chainsaw starter is instantaneous.

Leatherface is now sporting a different saw from the first one. Different, but still an ordinary chainsaw.

\*

CLOSER ON HILLSIDE

Benny's M16 slides down next to him.

ON BENNY.

Rising, as he tries to monitor Leatherface's CHARGE and grab the gun. His hand slaps his pocket. No time to lock and load. He swings around gun-first just as Leatherface swoops the saw down and CHOPS OFF the gun stock as Benny instinctually holds it to block the blow.

(CONT)

(109 CONTINUED:)

Benny rolls out to avoid decapitation. On his feet. He brandishes the truncated gun like a club and shouts over the RAZZ of the saw.

He is practically paralyzed by the sight of Leatherface. No amount of training could have prepared him for the sight of this unholy monster. He quickly regains himself when it becomes obvious that Leatherface is out for the kill.

VARIOUS ANGLES -- LEATHERFACE AND BENNY

They SPAR in the moonlight, smoke from the saw providing eerie mist. Benny WHEEL KICKS the saw from L-face's grasp. Follows through and sends the killer SPRAWLING into the bushes. The skull helmet is knocked off. So is the wig. Here comes Benny.

PUSH PAST Benny as he moves in. ZOOM IN CLOSE on a pair of frightened eyes -- SARA'S -- witnessing the entire battle. HOLD to register the tattoo.

RESUME BENNY AND LEATHERFACE

Leatherface grabs for the still-running SAW and Benny blocks with a flurry of chops and blows. Leatherface's own strikes are whoosing, roundhouse. Leatherface GOES DOWN again, this time favoring his bad leg.

Benny dives on him. they wrestle. Leatherface begins to get the best of Benny.

However, Benny somehow manages to maneuver on top of Leatherface and starts to shove his head towards the running saw  
BENNY

Time to pay your check, shitheap.

CLOSE ON LEATHERFACE

One hand seeks his cowboy boot.

RESUME SARA - AT TREELINE

Eyes widening. Only she can see --

(CONT)

(109 CONTINUED: /2)

EXTREME TIGHT ON LEATHERFACE'S BOOT

As he draws a Gigli Saw from it. (A brain surgery saw the size of an electric toothbrush with an extremely sharp circular blade, used for cutting skull vaults). It WHIRRS on.

ANGLE ON BENNY AND LEATHERFACE

Leatherface crabbing backward as Benny moves in for the kill. Just as Benny aims the saw, Leatherface STRIKES with the Gigli.

TIGHT ON BENNY'S LEG

As the Gigli BITES a wet red furrow in a GOUT of blood.

ON THE TREELINE - INCLUDE LEATHERFACE B.G.

as Sara breaks cover to divert Leatherface, her pace hampered by her crucifixion-style wounds.

SARA  
Hey scumbag! Here! You want  
me, not him!

ANGLE ON LEATHERFACE AND BENNY

As Benny DROPS one-legged and Leatherface whirls to spot Sara. Leatherface moves to grab the saw (its still running) and KICKS Benny in the face (SQUEAK). Benny's arms swan and he DROPS OUT OF FRAME.

ANGLE ON TREELINE

Moving bushes where Sara has vanished. Leatherface CROSSES FRAME in pursuit.

NEW ANGLE - LEATHERFACE

Chasing Sara deeper into the woods, chainsaw-first.

ON BENNY

lifting his head, groggy, as the chainsaw noise dopplers away o.s. Mist hangs in the air.

CUT TO:

110

EXT. HILLSIDE - IN THE BRUSH - NIGHT

110

Silence. Chainsaw noise UP o.s. Then Sara CRASHES past FRAME. Leatherface FOLLOWS, close but not critical.

NEW ANGLE - MOVING - LEATHERFACE

Without his wig or helmet now, we can better SEE the actual leather face with its triangular nose hole and Gina's tattoo. SPOT PATCHES of varicolored skin stitched 360°. Face section + "bald cap" over-the-top section + a backflap of loose flesh like a Foreign Legion kepi. Secured around the brow line with tied leather thongs.

He CHOPS DOWN foliage in search/destroy mode. A berserker.

ANGLE ON SARA

She uses the o.s. NOISE to fix Leatherface's trajectory. She cuts more distance, then doubles back.

CUT TO:

111

EXT. HILLSIDE - MERCEDES WRECK - NIGHT

\* 111

Ryan STIRS. The chainsaw distantly audible o.s.

RYAN

Shit...

His vision clears. Michelle's still out. He scrambles to her, props her up, wakes her.

RYAN

Michelle, c'mon, I can hear him, we have to get moving. Michelle, c'mon, up...

She comes to, groggy . . .

MICHELLE

Not again....

RYAN

We have to move, stay up, we have to metabolize the shit he put in our systems, or else we'll be down for the rest of the night...

MICHELLE

Meta--what?

(CONT)

(III) CONTINUED: )

She GROANS, cranky, like a kid refusing medicine. But lets Ryan help her up and get her moving.

MICHELLE

We have to try and find a road,  
a house, something.

RYAN-

Anything's better than where we are.  
We're sitting ducks out here.

MICHELLE

Where's the goddamn sunrise.

He retrieves the 9-volt from the Lincoln. Light.

RYAN

We're gonna have to make do with  
this. Let's go.

MICHELLE

I can't hear him anymore...

CUT TO:

112 EXT. HILLSIDE - RESUMING LEATHERFACE - NIGHT

As his attention is attracted by Ryan's distant light beam. He kills the saw. Cunning.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. HILLSIDE - ON BENNY'S HANDS - NIGHT

as they recover the truncated M16 from the leaves.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE BENNY

as he lifts the gun, moves for his ammo, and is STARTLED by the sudden sight of --

REVERSE ANGLE - WHAT BENNY SEES

SARA, standing two feet away, dirty, disheveled, deadly serious as she holds a finger to her lips for QUIET and we see the hideous HOLE in her hand.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. HILLSIDE - IN THE BRUSH - NIGHT

Michelle and Ryan are moving through a flatter wooded tract. Cautious looks all around.

(CONT)

(114 CONTINUED: )

RYAN  
Where is the road?

MICHELLE  
I hear noise back there. Maybe  
it's that guy -- Benny?

RYAN  
He left and didn't come back.  
Who knows how long we were out.

They keep moving, with purpose but unsure where to go.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. HILLSIDE - BENNY AND SARA - NIGHT

115

Sara's hand is on the truncated M16

SARA  
Half your gun is gone.

CLOSE-UP - BENNY'S HANDS

As they LOAD the clip with the 5.56s.

SARA (CONT O.S.)  
You sure it'll work?

ON BENNY .

Pressed flat. Pissed off.

BENNY  
Half a magazine plus two. Damn.  
(to Sara)  
Fuckin A it'll still work. The  
rifling's screwed up, the range  
is dogshit, but as long as it  
spits bullets out one end I'm in  
better shape than before.

He's breathing fast, adrenaline racing.

BENNY (CONT)  
Girl, I need some questions answered,  
and I do mean instantaneously... Anybody  
fucks with me right now I'm gonna  
strangle 'em with their own guts.

(CONT)

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115 (CONT.)

He considers Sara's condition and relaxes a notch.

BENNY (CONT.)  
Sorry. You're hurt worse than me.

SARA  
(semi-crazy)  
Party's still cookin'. They're  
still out there.  
(looks around)  
You some kind of soldier or what?

She smiles and gives a half-salute. We SEE her  
wound Benny grows uncomfortable.

SARA (CONT.)  
(indicates gun)  
Wrong weapon. Wrong war.  
(beat)  
They got us a week ago. I'm the  
only one left. Me, and my sister.  
(points to tattoo)  
Sisters, we go together.  
(bitter laugh)  
Week, maybe five days ago.

BENNY  
Why the hell are you still here!?

Sara goes skittish, motions for quiet.

SARA  
Keep your voice down.

She's constantly looking around, wildly. We get the  
idea she'd be talking even if Benny wasn't there.  
Benny knows it. Tension.

SARA (CONT.)  
They watch the road. They hunt  
people. Really hunt them. Trap  
them. And kill them.

She holds up her clawlike, punctured hands.

SARA (CONT.)  
I haven't been able to get out of  
the woods.  
(beat)  
We stopped to help this guy. We  
thought he'd been run over.

Benny remembers what Michelle said about Tex. This news  
perks his internal alarms.

(115) CONTINUED: (d)

SARA (CONT)

Day before yesterday I had to eat  
a fucking rat. Raw. Some berries  
tasted like they'd been thrown up  
once already.

.... Benny has used his kerchief to field dress his leg.  
He SMACKS the clip-into the M16. Gives Sara a hard look.

BENNY

Thanks for what you did.

(beat)

I hate the sight of my own blood.

Sara NODS. Saving Benny has cost her a chance to escape.

CUT TO:

115A EXT. WOODS... MICHELLE AND RYAN. - NIGHT \* 115

As Michelle looks to the sky and shouts --

MICHELLE

Benny -- !

Ryan CLAMPS a hand over her face and HISSES -

RYAN

Shut up!

As he blunders into a thin POLE supporting camouflage  
netting.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. HILLSIDE - RESUMING BENNY & SARA - NIGHT

As he HEARS Michelle. Distant. Lost in the woods.

BENNY

(tense whisper)

I gotta go.

SARA

They'll be dead soon.

BENNY

Maybe I can make the bad guys  
walk into the light. You  
coming?

(CONT)

((116 CONTINUED:))

Sara considers. A slow shake of the head. No way.

BENNY

Then I'll be right back.

SARA

Hold up.

She pulls out a lighter, he smiles and tosses her a pack \*  
of cigs. She lights up and tosses him the lighter, for luck.\*  
NEW ANGLE - SARA

Drawing smoke. Paranoia  
swims back in and she monitors the area nervously.

She smiles as the semi-hysteria creeps back into her  
mind. She calls out after Benny, who has taken off. \*

SARA

Hey! You ain't no soldier!

She starts to laugh.

SARA (CONT.)

(to herself)

Ain't no goddamn soldier.

117 EXT. WOODS - BODY PIT #2 - NIGHT

117

HIGH ANGLE monitoring Michelle and Ryan THROUGH the cami net as they wander the perimeter of some swampy marsh (it is in fact, a new body pit, but it is totally camouflaged.)

Ryan swings the battery lamp around and we get GLIMPSES of some murky fluid and weeds. Ryan pokes it with a stick and it sinks.

RYAN

It's like quicksand.

They both suddenly turn on the BURP-RAZZ of the CHAINSAW start O.S.

ANGLE ON LEATHERFACE - AT TREELINE

Fixing up and taking a menacing step forward.

RYAN AND MICHELLE

It's enough to blast them off in the opposite direction. MOVE WITH THEM five steps until Ryan's leg is arrested in the JAWS of a BEARTRAP as it SNAPS SHUT and CHOMPS DEEPLY into his leg.

CLOSE-UP - THE TRAP

Nestled in leaves. Now holding Ryan fast. Chained to a stake.

MICHELLE

Keeps running. Stops. Realizes Ryan is caught. Turns back.

MICHELLE'S POV

Here comes Leatherface ... and he knows his way around the booby traps.

(CONT)

(117) CONTINUED:)

RESUME MICHELLE

Trying to drag Ryan along.

RYAN

Go! Get out of here!

CUT TO:

118 EXT. BODY PIT #2 AREA - BENNY - NIGHT

118

He hears the saw noise o.s., and has to change direction.

BENNY

Dammit.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. WOODS - BODY PIT #2 - RESUMING RYAN - NIGHT

119

CLOSER ANGLE on his predicament as he urges Michelle to escape. Leatherface moves slowly but deliberately around what is obviously a minefield of traps and snares.

RYAN

Michelle! Get the fuck outta  
here!

CLOSE-UP - THEIR HANDS

Reluctantly pulling apart.

ON MICHELLE - MOVING

Running full tilt away.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. BODY PIT AREA - NIGHT - BENNY

120

Moving through the brush TOWARD the Pit area as fast as he can. Chainsaw sound o.s. is joined by RYAN'S SCREAM.

CUT TO:

- 121 EXT. WOODS - BODY PIT #2 - NIGHT 121
- EXTREME LOW ANGLE (Ryan's POV) of Leatherface with the sawblade razzing LARGE in f.g. It STOPS with a steaming jolt. Sudden silence. We see BLOOD on the blade. We hear Ryan's O.S. SCREAMING. \*  
CUT TO:
- 122 EXT. BODY PIT AREA - NIGHT 122
- Moving fast fast fast. The chainsaw has stopped.  
CUT TO:
- 123 EXT. WOODS - BODY PIT #2 - NIGHT 123
- As Benny comes hauling out of the treeline past the cami poles, toward the Pit, and STOPS abruptly, one foot hanging in the air.
- BENNY'S POV - THE FAR EDGE OF THE PIT
- Where we know Ryan was. Nobody there. TILT to show Benny's foot suspended above a TRIPWIRE.
- ON BENNY
- as he BACKS OFF and trips the wire with the M16.
- THE PUNGI-STICK TRAP
- Springing shut where his leg would have gone. Crunch!
- RESUME BENNY
- Backing off, sweeping the perimeter with the gun for coverage. He picks his way around to the Pit edge and sees a lot of Ryan's blood there.
- BENNY
- Come on, Michelle. Charlie get you ... or not?
- CUT TO:
- 124 EXT. ROADWAY - PAST THE FORK - NIGHT 124
- As Michelle bursts from the woods to the road. Definate upward slope to the road. She hugs her arms. Chilly. Moonlight. Cautiously she moves up the shoulder. She is far past the jeep wreck.

(CONT)

(124 CONTINUED:)

NEW ANGLE - MICHELLE

After a beat she hears a RADIO o.s. playing "The Whip" by the Creeps. Very strange.

125

MICHELLE'S POV - ARRIFLEX - THE FARMHOUSE - EXT- NIGHT. 12

as she rounds a curve and the Farmhouse rises INTO VIEW. A white two-story, very natty. Open casement windows with fluttering shroudlike draperies. The soft chugging of a generator. An empty truck-port. Junk in the yard. Cars on blocks. She SEES the generator, fed by a huge gas drum alongside a propane tank.

ON MICHELLE

Bloody and fucked up. Contrast the orderly look of the Farmhouse. When she looks back she SEES -

CLOSE ANGLE ON FARMHOUSE UPPER STORY

as a LITTLE GIRL'S head ducks quickly from view.

RESUME MICHELLE

That encourages her. She walks into the light.

MICHELLE

(out of breath)

WITH MICHELLE \*  
Thank God, they have to be home, have to...

as she nears the Farmhouse. We hear the RADIO DIAL get twiddled o.s. A station ID for the BBC Home Service. Michelle's brow furrows. BBC? It is obliterated by our by-now familiar CONELRAD.

126

CLOSE ON THE PORCH STEPS - NIGHT- EXT.

as Michelle comes up, wishing she had some kind of weapon. Sees paint cans on the porch. Very pristine and American. MOVE to reveal the screen door. Inside hallway visible and well-lit. Clean. Neat.

She suddenly HEARS a LITTLE GIRL'S O.S. CRYING. \*

REVERSE ANGLE ON MICHELLE THROUGH SCREEN DOOR

Hesitant.

(CONT)

126 (CONT.)

MICHELLE

Hello?

She pushes the screen door gently open.

CUT TO:

127 INT. FARMHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

127

CLOSE ON RADIO in foyer hallway. Stairs lead to the second story. CONELRAD UP HERE. It's a multiband rig that could pick up Bombay. PULL BACK to show Michelle puzzling this.

Her attention is taken by more of the strange SOBS coming from upstairs. Michelle moves towards the stairs and passes the Kitchen, into which she affords a quick glance.

128 MICHELLE'S POV - INT THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

128

Just what she can perceive from the hall--butcher block, stainless steel, iron ceiling racks with pots and skillets, about a million well-used cooking tools. Iron hook mounts in the ceiling, almost medieval. Orderly. Wiped counters. A stove the size of Volkswagen. A table with a checkered cloth. Homey. Big tub sinks. A cooling pie in the window. Could be ominous. Could be just abandoned.

ON MICHELLE as she turns away and heads for the stairs.

129 ON STAIRWAY

129

As Michelle heads up the stairs, seeking the source of the scared CRYING.

CUT TO:

130 INT. BONE ROOM - NIGHT

130

Michelle cautiously enters the dark room. It is very

\* dim, at this point we see NO BONES. The only illumination is the moonlight streaming in through an open window.

Michelle follows the SOBS to a small, crouched figure in a corner of the room. It's the little GIRL she saw in the window. The girl is frail, angelic, dirty. She's clutching a raggedy doll to her chest. She seems paralyzed by fear at the sight of Michelle.

130 (CONT.)

MICHELLE

Hey, it's alright. I'm not gonna  
hurt you.

-> The little girl backs away. Michelle approaches  
cautiously. She gently crouches down.

MICHELLE (CONT. )

What's your name?

The girl looks up, tear tracks stain her face. She  
shoves her doll out in front of her.

LITTLE GIRL

This is Sally.

She offers her doll to Michelle.

CLOSE ON MICHELLE - INCLUDE THE DOLL

She turns it to reveal the doll has a SKULL FACE and  
hair made of FEATHERS. HOLD on Michelle's shocked  
expression for a quick beat before she GRIMACES IN  
PAIN and we HEAR the O.S. SOUND of a KNIFE STRIKE.

Michelle stumbles backward and looks down to see a BONE  
KNIFE sticking out of her thigh where the little girl  
stuck it and-

The dropped DOLL hits the floor and the Little Girl  
retrieves it.

Michelle FALLS BACK against the closed door and PULLS  
the knife from her leg. A sharpened human bone. She  
drops it as her blood runs.

Michelle cries out in pain.

ON THE LITTLE GIRL

Manipulating the jaw bone of the doll so it "speaks."

LITTLE GIRL

(guttural)

Yakety-yak. Don't talk back.

ON MICHELLE as she FALLS and is caught by--

(130 CONTINUED:)

Tex! Who turns on the lights, revealing the room filled with bizarre bone sculptures, feathers, etc. Tex is barechested with a towel around his shoulders His hair is wet and BLOODY CRAP from the accident scene clings to his neck. He wears a CHROME SKULL NECKLACE. So does the girl. His grip on Michelle becomes a FULL NELSON.

## TEX

Sorry to butt in. But it looks like you had yourself another little mishap.

(he grins)  
You're late. Fuck.

(to Girl)  
They just get dumber and dumber.

PULL AWAY FROM THIS, as Tex holds the shocked Michelle and the Little Girl taunts her with the doll.

Tex starts to drag Michelle out of the room. As they EXIT FRAME the little girl picks up the bone knife and SHEATHS IT in the back of the doll, where it came from.

CUT TO:

131 EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

As a MATCH STRIKE lights up Sara's face. And a smoke. One puff. Then she hears RUSTLING in the brush.

WIDE ANGLE - THE WOODS

No clues. Scan quick from left to right. No movement.

(CONT.)

131

(130 CONTINUED:)

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(CONT.)

(131 CONTINUED:)

## TIGHT ANGLE ON SARA

Better to move than stay put. She butts the smoke. MOVES with cautious rearward glances. CAMERA MOVES WITH HER until she stops at the sight of --

## SARA'S POV - SOMETHING SHINY/SILVER

Which takes a beat for us to recognize as THE SAW,  
hanging from a branch. By itself. Swinging gently  
and catching what feeble dim light there is.

## **RESUME SARA**

Her eyes go wide and she turns to flee in another direction. CAMERA MOVES WITH HER three steps until she crashes chest-on into Leatherface - huge, silent, deadly, waiting all along.

## NEW ANGLE - SARA AND LEATHERFACE

as the big guy catches her throat in his massive hand and SQUEEZES, lifting her bodily with one arm.

**CLOSE-UP - SARA**

Her shocked reaction. Now gasping for air.

## CLOSE-UP - SARA'S FEET

With stigmata. Leaving the ground. Kicking.

## SARA AND LEATHERFACE

MOVE and SHIFT ANGLES continuously. Leatherface lifts  
Sara higher. She THRASHES AND SCREAMS CONTINUOUSLY  
THROUGHOUT ENTIRE EPISODE.

Leatherface swings her around.

64.

## (132 CONTINUED:)

TREE POV - LEATHERFACE

Leatherface FIRES UP the saw.  
Leatherface LUNGES into FRAME with the blade.

ANGLE ON THE BISECTION - FROM BEHIND THE TREE

Emphasizing Leatherface's SIZE and POWER as he CUTS Sara in half, laterally, right through the tree! Sawdust sprays and hangs in teh air like mole smoke as her SCREAMS die out. Smoke, mist, red mist. Rage.

TIGHT SHOT - LEATHERFACE.

Arterial bloodspurts splash his jacket and mask.

RESUME BEHIND-THE-TREE ANGLE

As Leatherface engages in a carving frenzy. We don't see what's happening to Sara, but we can assume on the basis of what's happening to the tree. it appears to bleed as it's cut to pieces by the blade, Sara's blood sprays through from the front.

Sara's body finally slides downward, reveal a gaping hole \* cut through the tree. We LOOK THROUGH IT, we see \* Leatherface on the other side. \*

ON LEATHERFACE

A LOOMING ANGLE as he does the Rune Squat again. He contemplates the remains like a sorcerer reading entrails. An ominously silent moment between us and this gigantic killer.

TEX (VO)  
Incoming!

CUT TO:

133 INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - EXTREME CLOSE ON CHAIR ARM - 1:  
NIGHT

As a HAMMER SMASHES DOWN to drive a NAIL through the back of Michelle's hand, nailing it to the chair arm,

(CONT.)

(133 CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON MICHELLE -

Seated, disheveled, as she SHRIEKS on impact.

LOW ANGLE - TEX

Three more nails in his mouth and the hammer in his hand.

TEX

More little nails if you don't  
stay put. Ma'am.

WIDEN ANGLE - SHOW MORE KITCHEN

MICHELLE

Why are you doing this -- ?!

As she speaks the Little Girl CROSSES FRAME with her doll and a tin cup. As the Girl speaks Tex dabs his fingers in the blood from Michelle's hand -- just like he did with the armadillo blood back at Last Chance. But this time he LICKS off his fingers and DABS for seconds.

LITTLE GIRL

(singsong)

'Cos if you don't poke 'em they  
don't leak. An' if they don't  
leak, we can't feed Grampaw.

(beat)

Silly.

Michelle can now see the tin cup is full of BLOOD. MODIFY ANGLE to REVEAL GRAMPAW - seated where Michelle would have seen him if only she'd poked her head further into the Kitchen. Grampaw is NOT ALIVE. He is TOTALLY MUMMIFIED into an ancient highback chair like papier mache. The Girl TILTS the cup to Grampaw's taxidermized LIPS. After a beat we see the blood soaking throughout Grampaw's cheesecloth construction, courtesy of gravity. Grampaw, we now SEE, is brick-colored from the waist down.

All heads TURN at a squeaky-wheel noise and INSECTILE BUZZ of an electronically distorted VOICE from the hall.

MOMMA (VO)

Ruckus, ruckus, my nap is just a  
goner. I certainly hope you  
children are pleased with yourselves --

(CONT)

## (133 CONTINUED /2)

ANGLE ON MOMMA - TRACKING WITH HER

as she ROLLS into the Kitchen in a wheelchair "customized" along the lines of Leatherface's bracework, with BONE components of chromium. Momma is fat, pasty, bloated, wormlike, legless. Stumps beneath a blanket. She speaks holding one of those dildo-like vox-box vibrators to the hollow of her throat. NOTE: WHENEVER MOMMA SPEAKS HER VOICE IS HEARD AS AN ELECTRONICALLY DISTORTED BUZZ.

She stops complaining when she spots Michelle.

MOMMA

Where's Junior?

TEX

Moppin up, Momma.

Momma wheels right into Michelle's face. Tex can't fool her.

MOMMA

Eh. Which means you ain't caught 'em all yet. Just like last time.

Michelle is in great pain. All this madness and blood. But what the hell can she do?

MICHELLE

Please.

(gasp)

What have we done? Can't you stop this?

Momma sniffs Michelle. Disapprovingly.

MOMMA

You best shut on up. Or I'll do your tongue first.

TEX

(avuncular)

Best not to get Momma's dander up.

He brandishes the hammer. He'll bash Michelle if she twitches a bun. The screen door SLAMS o.s.

TINKERBELL (VO)

I brung home the bacon, Momma!

Icky thumping and dragging noises o.s.

67.

134

NEW ANGLE ON KITCHEN &amp; GROUP

134

As Tink enters, dragging Ryan by the bear trap chain. Tex levers the trap off Ryan's nearly severed leg.

TINKERBELL

Got us some dark meat too,  
Momma. Junior'll trot it in  
any minute.

They lift Ryan, strip away his Reeboks and jam a curved HOOK through each of his ankles. They hoist him to hang upside-down from the iron rack by the stove. He swings above a runoff trough. INTERCUT Michelle's horrified reaction and the Little Girl watching all.

MOMMA

If he minds.

Tink belts into a blood-caked leather apron. Tex starts to lay out cleavers and knives on the cutting board.

TINKERBELL

Junior's been gettin' outta hand lately,  
but I got a present for him, fine present  
gonna keep him in line, yessir.

TEX

He liked that last present you got him,  
that electronic thing-a-ma-jig.

Tink NODS affirmatively.

TINKERBELL

Course he did, that's progress, technology,  
technology's our friend, might learn him  
something.

Tex dons a leather apron. He and Tink scrub up at the sink like grotesque surgeons.

ON MICHELLE

Recording her reaction as the hamstrung, deep-in-shock Ryan OPENS HIS EYES. He is still alive.

ANGLE ON KITCHEN AND GROUP

TEX

What do you think of our little lady?

(CONT)

134 (CONT.)

Tink tips his glasses to squint at Michelle.

TINKERBELL

Uncertain. Looks to me like she's  
gonna go all screamy on us, Eddie.

This name ruffles Tex's fur.

TEX

Call me Tex. I asked you--

TINKERBELL

(interposing)  
Would you do the honor of plugging  
her up...Tex?

Tex SMILES big and friendly and TEARS OFF A PIECE of  
Ryan's pants. Ryan twitches in protest.

TEX

(sadistic tease)  
Aww, he's shy in front of the  
lady...

(comes in close)  
"Yippy-I-O-Kay-Y, y'all." Heehee.

It's Ryan's insult from the gas station, thrown back at  
his face. The family LAUGHS at this. Tex approaches  
Michelle and positions the gag. She's crying. \*

She resists at first, then opens her mouth. Tex shoves  
it in. The girl enters frame and hands Tex a roll of  
duct tape. Tex winds Michelle's head to secure the gag. \*

(CONT.)

\* \* \* \* \*

(134 CONTINUED: (2)

Momma LOOKS then wheels OUT of the Kitchen,  
The Little Girl dances after her.

TINKERBELL

I'm gonna get junior's present.

He FOLDS the knife he used to slice away Ryan's clothing and stows it in his bandolero. STOPS at the door (next to Michelle) and turns back to Tex.

TINKERBELL (CONT)

Gonna need your help, s'damn heavy.

Tex NODS and moves to the door, stopping to address Michelle's horrified and glazing gaze.

TEX

Don't think of leaving. Not before dinner.

He CHUCKS her under the chin. A beat after they leave we hear an o.s. screen door BANG. Michelle is alone in the kitchen, aimed right at Ryan. She can't NOT look.

PUSH IN ON RYAN

Hanging there. Blood now running in the opposite direction to the patterns already on his body. Blood from his ankles. Slowly his EYES flicker OPEN. He is still alive.

TIGHT ON MICHELLE

Her eyes widen and she actually makes an attempt to yank herself free of the nail but is STOPPED by --

LEATHERFACE

who has appeared in the Kitchen doorway and slams one big hand down over her forearm. He gear clinks and his BRACE squeaks as he does the Run Squat right in front of Michelle.

MICHELLE'S POV - LEATHERFACE

We see the mask in deep detail. Stitched flesh with those haunted animal eyes within. The obscene cavern of missing nose. A wheezy sound as he BREATHES through the hole.

(CONT)

## (134 CONTINUED /3)

We now SEE that he is wearing Ryan's Walkman headphones around his neck and has the Walkman in a pocket.

Michelle's eyes grow wide in fear, she attempts to move back, to get away, to get anywhere except in front of this monstrosity.

Leatherface starts to take the headphones off his head, and he starts to put them on Michelle's head. She shrinks back and SCREAMS through the gag. Leatherface is offended and puts them back on his head. He starts to make ANGRY, GUTTURAL SOUNDS. He then completely switches moods and begins to twiddle his fingers in front of her face; softly HUMMING to himself. What the fuck's going on in this thing's head.

Leatherface reaches out an arm, it heads for Michelle and disappears beneath her neck. Michelle starts to SQUIRM and grimace with pain. Leatherface is touching her somewhere, we can't see where, his arm is below frame, but wherever it is, it's nasty.

We see his arm twist as he applies more pressure. Michelle starts to PANIC and STAMP HER FEET on the floor.

TEX (O.S.)  
Hey junior!

(CONT.)

(134 CONTINUED: (4)

LOW ANGLE - AT TEX - INCLUDE LEATHERFACE & MICHELLE

He's peeping around the edge of the Kitchen door.

TEX

Got something special for you.

Tex moves with flourish into the kitchen and places a large object on the cutting board. When he moves out of the way we can see it is the Excalibur Saw in full chrome. The blade haft is ornately engraved and reads:

THE SAW IS FAMILY

ON LEATHERFACE - MOVING

As he rises and is struck by the sight of this wonderful thing.

ON TEX AND MICHELLE

He turns to confide.

TEX

Tink did it. He chromes every damn thing. Gotta big vat.

RESUME LEATHERFACE

as he HEFTS the massive monster saw and glides it around. STOPS in mid-swoop as Tink INTERRUPTS from the doorway.

ON TINKERBELL

Miffed.

TINKERBELL

Looks like you just got a reward  
for a job you didn't finish.

(beat; parental)

You lost the darkie. Didn't you.

ON GROUP IN KITCHEN

Leatherface puts down the saw and lamely exhibits the Walkman. Tink SLAPS it from his hand. The phones stay around his neck.

TINKERBELL

Fine. Another toy.

(CONT)

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(134) CONTINUED: /5)

FOLLOW TINKERBELL

as he lifts the Walkman with his pincers and stalks to the stove. Opens the iron door. Tosses it in among the flame and coals.

CLOSE-UP - TEX

His expression says "bad move."

RESUME TINKERBELL

as he RISES right into Leatherface's killing throat grip. Squeeze. Lift. Tink's feet LEAVE the floor as he is lifted. His claw spastically clutches at Leatherface's unyielding arm - click-click-click - and we sense the all-around panic that maybe Junior has been pissed off a touch too much.

TIGHT ON LEATHERFACE AND TINKERBELL

ANGLES to include Michelle's reactions and a shot of Ryan just hanging there, dying. Leatherface CRUSHES Tink to kneel before the stove.

CLOSE-UP - TINKERBELL

Eyes smarting and watering from the heat. Tries to open the door with his claw. Leatherface bats it away. Shakes Tink by the scruff until he gets the idea that he is supposed to use his bare hand. Tink glances to the others for support. No go.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

as Momma wheels up, starts to protest. Tex waves his hand - no.

ON MICHELLE

Eyes to the conflict. Then Tex. Then Ryan. Panic.

CLOSE-UP - LEATHERFACE

Towering above Tink in the heat shimmer.

TIGHT ON TINKERBELL AND LEATHERFACE

as Tink steels himself and opens the hatch. Sizzle of skin. Reaches into fire to fetch the Walkman. It SMOKES.

(CONT)

(134 CONTINUED: /6)

Leatherface OPENS it - no pain - extracts the cassette, and CHUCKS it back into the fire. He pockets the tape and unhands Tink, who COLLAPSES coughing and panting.

ON TEX

Wondering when to intercede. He NOTICES Ryan. And jumps in as Leatherface BACKS OFF.

TEX  
Hey -- this ole boy's still  
kicking!

He moves to help Tinkerbell stand.

ON TEX AND TINKERBELL - RYAN HANGS B.G.

as Tink rises, massaging his throat.

TINKERBELL  
I really hate this part ...

Tex indicates Ryan; pretends like this little battle of wills didn't happen. Family stuff, doncha know.

TEX  
What do you think? Should  
we go for a head shot?

Tink SWALLOWS hard and nods, still hurting.

ON MOMMA AND LEATHERFACE

Momma pats the big guy's arm. His mad is gone for now.

MOMMA  
You go on and fetch it. It's  
okay now.

Leatherface EXITS Kitchen, pausing to give Michelle a very pointed once-over. Twice.

MOMMA (CONT)  
And get that thing off my cutting board.

CUT TO:

6-30-87

73.

OMIT

135

CUT TO:

36 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT - ON DOOR

136

as Leatherface enters. A better view of the Workshop glimpsed on Pages 2-3.

Hubcaps and license plates nailed to the walls. Shelves and tables heavy with victim plunder - TV's, computer parts, luggage, clothing, coolers. Travel posters and maps hung all around. Bone mobiles. A BRONZED skeleton hangs from the ceiling.

## FOLLOW LEATHERFACE TO THE WORKBENCH

where he assembled the face mask. We see the electronic device Tink built for him. It's some kind of bizarre electronic puzzle, like the old "Operation" game. It's made out of bone and wood, and it's shaped like a cow. A sign above it proclaims, "Name these Cuts." Basically, If Leather face puts the right piece in the right hole, a light flashes and a tune pipes out.

## CLOSE-UP - LEATHERFACE AND THE DEVICE

As he works the device, his fat, meaty hands groping the pieces, trying to figure it out.

## ON LEATHERFACE

Hard at work. We see the window we saw Sara through earlier in the b.g. The one she was peeking through.

We also see several chromed human skulls lying about.

CUT TO:

137 EXT. WORKSHOP - THRU WINDOW - NIGHT

137

Perhaps an ARRIFLEX shot of Leatherface from OUTSIDE the house.

(CONT)

74.

(137 CONTINUED: )

CUT TO:

138 INT. WORKSHOP - ON LEATHERFACE

138

as he adds Ryan's Walkman tape to a pile of cassettes in a cubby on the bench. A jagged piece of BROKEN MIRROR is leaned against the wall. MOVE IN as he looks at his own reflection.

ON LEATHERFACE - FROM BEHIND

Very teasing, his body OBSCURING his reflection at key points as he UNTIES his neck and head thongs and REMOVES the leather face. He scratches and we hear him SNIFF.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. WORKSHOP - SAME ANGLE AS BEFORE

139

Just as Leatherface's HAND hides what we could see of him from this angle.

TIGHT SHOT - BENNY

Backing out of the window light. SHIFT to reveal Benny's POV as Leatherface repositions the drape of mask across his face. Benny's expression should tell us what he sees is pretty damned repulsive. He hugs the outside wall and keeps his M16 close. Tense.

CUT TO:

140 INT. WORKSHOP - RESUMING LEATHERFACE

140

as he reties thongs and pecks out another reply on the computer. He looks around, locates a big long-handled sledgehammer, and pokes one more key enroute to the door.

CUT TO:

141 EXT. WORKSHOP - WINDOW - RESUMING BENNY

141

He hears the "Yellow Rose" riff and the inside door SLAM.

CUT TO:

142 INT. KITCHEN - TEX AND MICHELLE - NIGHT

142

Tex is at the cutting board. Tink by the stove. Momma in b.g. The little girl is back with her doll and cup.

TEX

We always had a problem with this  
hit in the head business...till  
Tink here genuised up a new way.

His eyes indicate the ironwork lattice bolted to the ceiling. Could just be part of the pot rack. A long bar with a hinged collar in the center. Wing nuts in the collar - which is parallel to Ryan's position.

ON LEATHERFACE

as he enters with the sledgehammer. Tink takes it. Their eyes meet.

TINKERBELL

Thanks.

MOVE WITH THEM TO THE STOVE

As Tink slots the butt end of the sledge handle into the collar and tightens the wing nuts. A cable/pulley rig enables him to COCK the hammer in a wide, swinging arc. The terminus of which is Ryan's face.

ON MICHELLE

as she figures it out. Shock. Struggle.

TIGHT ON RYAN'S EYES

Uncomprehending. They turn to Michelle.

ON THE LITTLE GIRL

Who suddenly CRIES OUT. Eyes focus on her.

LITTLE GIRL

No! Please, don't!

The family stops and stares at the girl.

ON MICHELLE

A glimmer of hope flies across her eyes. The little girl may actually put a stop to this.

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ON THE GIRL

Slowly smiles.

\*

GIRL

(pouts)

You promised the next was mine.  
Let me do it.

\*

\*

ON MICHELLE

So much for hope. Michelle claps her eyes shut in utter defeat.

\*

(142 CONTINUED:)

Tex nods approval.

TEX

Why not.

He leads the Girl to a geared TRIP for the cable.

TEX (CONT)

Okay honey. You ready.

LITTLE GIRL

Hold Sally.

She gives Tex the doll.

TEX

Right. Now when I tell you --

LITTLE GIRL

(petulant)

You have to count one-two-three.

TEX

Oh, yeah. Here we go.

INTERCUTS as Tex counts. More than one CUT per count.  
This isn't a 1950s space movie.Michelle frantic - Momma approving - Ryan's dull gaze  
Tink dusting his hands - the Girl excited, anticipatory  
- Leatherface looming large over all - a pot of oil  
coming to a boil on the stove - the cutting implements  
arranged on the board to do dirty.

TEX

One ... two ... three!The Girl trips the cable and we FOLLOW THE SLEDGE DOWN.  
We SEE RYAN'S BODY JERK with the hit and HEAR the hideous  
CRUNCH.

CLOSE-UP - STOVE.

Blood droplets spatter the burners and HISS.

CLOSE-UP - THE TROUGH

As blood fills it and course along the mazelike configuration.

(CONT)

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142 (CONT.)

ON THE GROUP

ON RYAN AND TINKERBELL

A few deft cuts and Ryan is stripped down to his olive drab \*  
briefs. Tex and Tink cut his clothes away. Michelle hangs \*  
her head in an absurd gesture of embarassment. \*

Tink hooks a finger through Ryan's briefs. \*

TINKERBELL

Lookee here, Momma -- colored  
underpants.

Tex and Tink trade a knowing nod. In chorus:

TEX/TINKERBELL

Los Angeles.

(CONT.)

(142 CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE ON KITCHEN - ENTIRE GROUP

They find this amusing. Tex and Tink get down to business. \*

ON TINKERBELL

as he moves to the stove with a skinning knife. He reaches OUT OF FRAME to work. On his first CUT a squirt of juice hits his apron.

TINKERBELL

(to Tex)

Once we get this one skinned and dressed out, I think there'll be enough sowbelly for now.

ON TEX

leaning neighborly on the doorjamb next to Michelle, whose eyes are blank and stunned. Tears on her face.

TEX

Just what I was thinking.

(to Michelle)

Appears we get to wait a spell on you, ma'am.

His nod INDICATES the dripping corpse of Ryan as Tink slices and cuts away. Tink is mostly BETWEEN us and the corpse.

TEX (CONT)

Or maybe let Junior play. He makes the sweetest damned babies ...

ON LITTLE GIRL

Squatting at the end of the trough, holding her cup so it slowly FILLS with Ryan's trickling blood. She picks out a gob of tissue and discards it.

ON MOMMA

FOLLOW as she wheels over to hit Michelle with the Ward.

MOMMA

(sick chuckle)

Junior likes them good parts, we know what to do with the good parts.

(CONT)

(142 CONTINUED: (3)

INSERT CLOSE-UP - MICHELLE'S HAND

The nail greased with blood. One good wrench might free her.

RESUME MOMMA

Sly; girl-to-girl. As she speaks Leatherface LOOMS behind her, holding the bloody sledgehammer.

MOMMA

Took care of my own, years back.  
Took care of poppa's too.

ON TINKERBELL

Carving away OUT OF FRAME. Meaty noises.

TINKERBELL

Got that right.

He makes a CHOPPING motion with his pincer.

TINKERBELL (CONT)

Your turn soon little gal.

RESUME MICHELLE

Momma BACKS OFF and the Little Girl hovers to one side. Leatherface LAYS the sledge - the strike head clotted with viscuous goop - across Michelle's arms on the chair. The Little Girl hands him a LIPSTICK. Leatherface

draws a DOTTED LINE on Michelle's forehead  
similar to the BUTCHERING DIAGRAM

ON TINKERBELL

speaking to Tex.

TINKERBELL  
Get over here. Help me peel  
this.

ON MICHELLE AND LEATHERFACE

He turns away long enough to pick up the Excalibur Saw. It starts on the first try. Hellacious racket. Momma makes a face.

(CONT)

143 INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

79 143

CLOSE-UP - THE WINDOW

SHATTERING inward in a shower of struts and glass.

RESUME THE WINDOW - BENNY

He jack-in-the-boxes into view, FIRING the M16.

ON TINK - AT THE STOVE

He throws his hand up in front of his face, only to have three of his fingers get blasted off, along with his ear, which falls to the stove and SIZZLES.

ON MOMMA

Catching BULLET HITS across the upper torso.

ON LEATHERFACE

As a slug SPARKS off his leg brace and sends his saw into Granpa's chair. Granpa topples out and disintegrates upon hitting the floor like a blood balloon.

ON TEX

Ducking the amok saw and diving.

RESUME BENNY AT WINDOW - FIRING M16

Teeth grit. War face. Death scream.

TEX'S MOVING POV

TINKERBELL (O.S.)  
(frantic)  
GET THE BITCH!!! GET THE BITCH!!!

as Michelle runs for the door . Tex grabs her leg.

ON MICHELLE

caught. Eyes to the butcher block. Grabs a knife and PLANTS it in the back of Tex's shoulder.

RESUME THE WINDOW

Benny has vanished. Michelle DIVES through  
the front door. \*

CUT TO:

144 EXT. FARMHOUSE - OUTSIDE KITCHEN WINDOW - NIGHT 144

as Michelle crashlands in the bushes. Benny grabs her arm. She FREAKS and nearly stabs. Then she recognizes him.

BENNY  
Whoa! It's me!

She tears away her gag.

MICHELLE  
Benny!

She blasts off, outdistances him, then double backs and realizes he's injured. He limps.

MICHELLE (CONT.)  
What happened to you--?!

CUT TO:

145 INT. KITCHEN - ON TEX - NIGHT 145

He rises off the floor. More annoyed than hurt at the knife wound. He tastes his own blood. PULL BACK. Tink is struggling to his feet. He cradles his wounded with his pincers. Leather face and the girl are gone.

TINKERBELL  
(hysterical)  
Damn flesh, no good, need steel!!!  
Dammit boy, go bring the meat  
back!!!

The little girl enters the room and her hands go to crude, exposed switch jutting out of the wall near the door. She SLAMS it home.

TEX  
(smiles)  
Looks like party time.

SMASH CUT TO:

A series of house EXTERIOR LIGHTS suddenly SNAP ON and nail Benny and Michelle with the beams. A SWARM of insects are drawn instantly. They BUZZ.

\*

\*

\*

81.

Michelle and Benny stand confused in the light.

\*

146 INT. TERROR TRUCK CAB - IN BAY - NIGHT

1

146

Tight on dash as Leatherface's HAND cranks up the volume. MUSIC UP. He GUNS the engine.

LEATHERFACE'S POV - MICHELLE AND BENNY

humping across the yard to escape the lights.  
Bullseye.

\*

RESUME LEATHERFACE IN CAB

hitting the C-beams. Ramming the stick into first.

CUT TO:

147 EXT. FARMYARD - FARMHOUSE B.G. - NIGHT

147

Michelle and Benny are nowhere near the treeline yet as the Truck lights BLAST on to FRAME them in hot white.

ANGLE ON BENNY

Pushing Michelle toward the woods. Turning to aim. Realizing he's dry. Pulls the clip. Empty.

BENNY

Figures.

Frantically he pats himself down. Finds a single bullet in his pocket, overlooked from before.

ANGLE ON THE TRUCK

Benny is nailed dead bang. Here it comes. He LOADS superfast and sights.

ON BENNY

All lit up and no place to run. Aiming.

BENNY

Please me, Lucille.

He FIRES.

ON MICHELLE

Nearly to the trees. The gunshot sound whips her 'round.

(CONT)

(147 CONTINUED)

82.

ON THE ONCOMING TRUCK

Growing HUGE in FRAME as the slug STARS the windshield.  
The GRILLE fills up FRAME.

CUT TO:

148 INT. TRUCK CAB - ON LEATHERFACE - NIGHT

148

The bullet SPLITS one side of the mask. Blood. L-Face FLINCHES hard as --.

CUT TO:

149 EXT. FARMYARD - TIGHT ON BENNY

149

as he DISAPPEARS beneath the front ram bumper. We hear his head THONK on the steel. The empty M16 flip-flops skyward. The Truck has STOPPED.

CUT TO:

150 INT. TRUCK - RESUMING LEATHERFACE - NIGHT

150

Screeech-STOP.

THROUGH THE GLASS we see Michelle hightail it into the woods.

CUT TO:

151 EXT. FARMYARD - ON TRUCK - NIGHT

151

Leatherface dismounts, pulling the chrome saw from the truck bed and FIRING it up. His blown leg brace IMPEDES his pursuit.

MOVING SHOT - WITH MICHELLE

Foliage BLURS past. She STOPS to tear a strip of clothing for her bleeding hand. Quick pat-down. Nothing to use, but ... the little skull earring from the armadillo falls to the dirt at her feet and she quickly retrieves it.

MICHELLE

Okay. All right, then.

She DONS the earring. Here comes Leatherface.

MICHELLE (CONT)

You and me, fuckhead. Time to dance.

Cut To:

152

ELSEWHERE IN WOODS - ON LEATHERFACE

152

Angrily hacking his own pathway. His head darts around.

CUT TO:

153

EXT. FARMYARD - ON BENNY - NIGHT

153

We HEAR him cough and as the DUST CLOUD from the stop dissipates we see his feet protruding from beneath the tailgate. He drags himself out. Groans. Blood on his head.

BENNY

Well. Shut my mouth.

BENNY'S. UPSIDE-DOWN POV - TRUCK CHASSIS

Taillights on. We see how the elevated chassis has spared him. Into this EXTREME LOW ANGLE Tex suddenly INTRUDES, swinging down one-handed with an AXE.

CLOSE-UP - BENNY

As the axe digs in between his head and FRAME. It LIFTS for another strike.

LOW ANGLE - TEX

Striking as he speaks.

TEX

Dark meat always was more bother.

He puts BOTH hands into the downward swing.

ON. BENNY

He CATCHES the axe by the collar, stopping the pitted blade an inch from his nose.

TILTED ANGLE - BENNY AND TEX

As Tex RELEASES his grip on the axe. Letting Benny have it. He backs off to a sort of gunslinger stance. Benny struggles to his feet. Tex taunts him.

TEX

Let's see what you've got.

(CONT)

(153 CONTINUED: )

Benny circles with the axe. Both men's movements hampered by their injuries.

BENNY  
Just let us go, man.

TEX  
Not a chance. Time to die.

Benny SWINGS the axe. Tex executes a step-around KICK that knocks it from Benny's grasp.

ON THE AXE

as it flip-flops to EMBED itself in the gas can rack on the Truck. Fuel GUSHES out orangely.

RESUME BENNY AND TEX - MOVING

Tex FOLLOWS THROUGH and kicks Benny back against the Truck.

BENNY'S POV - THE TRUCK BED

A CHAINSAW CHAIN curled there. He GRABS it.

RESUME BENNY AND TEX - MOVING

as Benny LASHES OUT with the chain. It WRAPS around Tex's forearm. Tex uses it to JERK Benny forward into a PUNCH. Wins the chain. Uses it to GARROTE Benny. Benny flails and KICKS the axe free of the gas cans.

TIGHT ON TEX AND BENNY

as Tex HEAVES and the chain BITES into Benny's throat. Tex does it one-handed. Shows Benny his wounded hand.

TEX  
See that? That's pain. Pain  
is nothing.  
(twists chain)  
Pain is what we use to hunt you.

Benny GRABS Tex's other hand and FLIPS him. Both men go down to thrash around in the pool of gasoline.

CUT TO:

154

INT. FARMHOUSE HALL - ON TINKERBELL - NIGHT

Hideously wounded, he CRAWLS toward the Workshop.

154

CUT TO:

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155 EXT, FARMHOUSE - ON UPPER STORY

155

The Little Girl watches the fight outside from the Bone Room. Imitates Tink's CHOPPING MOTION with her hand.

LITTLE GIRL  
Whack, whack!

CUT TO:

6-30-89

85.

156 EXT. FARMYARD - ON TRUCK FIGHT - NIGHT

156

Tex and Benny ROLL OUT. Benny grabs the axe. Tex STANDS, supporting himself on the tailgate.

TIGHT ON BENNY

Sweating, bloody. He SWINGS. It looks futile.

ON BENNY AND TEX

The axe is no biggie to him.

TEX

Time to die.

He LEANS AWAY from the axe arc, then REALIZES --

--what Benny's about to do. Benny has pulled out the lighter  
Sara gave him and flicks it on. he tosses it at Tex with  
an appropriate grin. tex goes up like dry weed.

\*  
\*  
\*

TIGHT ON BENNY

Lit now by firelight as Tex squirms

BENNY

Fuckin A right.

He glances toward the woods where Leatherface sawed his way in. Climbs into the Truck cab. The flaming Tex, unbelievably, is right behind him!!

CUT TO:

\*  
\*

157

INT. CAB - ON BENNY -

157

We see the flaming Tex thrashing around.

Banging on the truck door, trying to light Benny up.

CUT TO:

\*  
\*

158

EXT. FARMYARD - ON TRUCK - NIGHT

158

It DIGS OUT, spraying the flaming Tex with dust as it bulldozes into the woods.

CUT TO:

\*

159

OMIT

15

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86.

160

EXT. WOODS - TRACKING WITH MICHELLE - NIGHT

160

As Michelle runs and steps into a booby trap! It hoists her high above the quicksand -like marsh we saw earlier, she's held by a rope, upside down, by her ankles. She struggles.

MICHELLE'S POV of Leatherface as he approaches, seen upside down.

ON MICHELLE as she uses her feet to frantically try and pedal her way out. the old rope frays and breaks, and PLOPS her down into the marsh, which turns out to be ANOTHER BODY PIT!!! Michelle surfaces covered in gooey decay and skulls.

ANGLE ON TREELINE - LEATHERFACE

emerges. WIDEN to include the Pit as Michelle tries to move backward, causing all sorts of skulls and crap to SURFACE, then SINK. Leatherface reaches and GRABS a fistful of her hair, LIFTING her bodily out of the Pit. Still holding the saw in his free hand.

TIGHT ON MICHELLE AND LEATHERFACE

She's SUSPENDED above the Pit as we hear the Truck engine NOISE O.S. Leatherface is about to deliver the coup de grace. She POUNDS at his face. Thongs pop loose; the bullet tear SPLITS wide open. LIGHTS nail them from behind.

161

ANGLE ON TRUCK - AT TREELINE - BODY PIT #2. NIGHT-EXT. 161

Coming fast. Headlights destroyed, from its destructive passage; most of the C-Beams still ablaze. Truck ROARS from the treeline and BARRELS in.

TIGHT SHOT - MICHELLE AND LEATHERFACE

as the lamps FLOOD them in imminent collision. As Leatherface TURNS to meet the Truck with the saw he PITCHES Michelle away.

ANGLE ON PIT.EDGE - TRUCK STRIKES LEATHERFACE

The saw falls away and lands in the pit, still running. \*

CUT TO:

87.

162

OMIT

162

163

OMIT

163

164

INT. TRUCK CAB - RESUMING BENNY - NIGHT

Hi- war whoop of victory curdles when:

BENNY'S POV - THRU FRACTURED WINDSHIELD

As Leatherface RIPS the car door off its hinges and yanks \* ...  
Benny out of the truck.

165

EXT. PIT EDGE - ON TRUCK - NIGHT

as Benny and Leatherface GRAPPLE,  
the two TUMBLE INTO THE GELID BODY PIT!

ANGLE ON MICHELLE

as she sees them go down and SINK.

165

THE BODY PIT - BENNY AND LEATHERFACE

Their death battle seen THRU fallen cami netting. . They  
slosh in the mealy decompost, going under, then surfacing.

CUT TO:

166

INT. FARMHOUSE - WORKSHOP DOOR

166

Tink LEANS AGAINST the jamb and commands the DOG:

TINKERBELL

Get 'em, boy. Get 'em good.

The Dog snaps to and races out with a growl.

(CONT)

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88.

(166 CONTINUED: )

Totally unbalanced. He goes down due to exhaustion and blood loss.

ON TINK

as he falls, his outstretched pincer hand flies up and back.

CLOSE ON HAND

As it falls into the rigged device he gave Leatherface \* as a gift. Metal on metal as electricity burns and sparks fly.

ON TINK

As he fries. His body shakes with the force of the jolt.

CUT TO:

167 EXT. BODY PIT #2 ~ RESUMING THE FIGHT ~ NIGHT 16

Leatherface tries to DROWN Benny in the liquid putrescence.

ON MICHELLE

Helpless, starts to move towards the pit. \*

ON THE PIT

Leatherface PUNCHES Benny hard and turns to deal with Michelle as the saw arcs down.

ON MICHELLE - MOVING

She doesn't notice the approaching, GROWLING shepard. \*

(CONT)

(167) CONTINUED:

ON THE PIT - BENNY

surfaces, grabs Leatherface's finger bandolero and tries to strangle him with it.

ON THE TREELINE

Here comes the Shepherd, growling, charging at Michelle.

ON MICHELLE

she turns. A savage in lipstick war paint, teeth bared.

RESUME THE DOG'S CHARGE

as it SKIDS to a halt. Seeing --

CLOSE-UP - THE CHROME SKULL EARRING

that Michelle now wears. INCLUDE MICHELLE as her hand moves to touch the earring. She realizes.

RESUME THE BODY PIT

As the death struggle nears its end. For a moment it actually appears as if Benny is winning, but Leatherface suddenly grabs Benny's head and shoves his neck into the still running chainsaw. Benny's decapitation is brief but nasty.

ON MICHELLE - AT PIT EDGE

Screaming. Not a scream of terror. Of loss.

MICHELLE  
Benny -- !!

RESUME THE PIT

As a HAND -- whose? -- RISES, then SINKS. The SAW goes UNDER like the Titanic sinking. The engraved BLADE goes down last. Sudden QUIET. Bubbles.

ON MICHELLE

Backing away toward the treeline. We hear a vague SIZZLING NOISE, ~~handwritten~~. She's utterly exhausted. Grief and panic-stricken. She gasps and sobs. Wipes her eyes and looks OUT OF FRAME at --

(CONT)

(167) CONTINUED: (2)

THE GERMAN SHEPHERD

which sits patiently on hold, nonaggressive now.

RESUME MICHELLE

turning back toward the Pit when a blackened ARM comes out of the treeline and seizes her throat. As she PULLS AWAY we FOLLOW as the char-broiled Tex is revealed. Horribly burned and still smoking.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TEX AND MICHELLE

They grapple while the Dog washes itself.

MICHELLE'S POV - TRIPWIRE

She shoves Tex and then she herself viciously trips the wire, causing Tex to be caught in whatever trap she just triggered. \*

ANGLE ON TEX

As a swinging pungi stick booby trap IMPALES him real good, lifting and slamming him into a tree with spikes protruding from his back.

ON MICHELLE

Falling backward. Nearly falling into the Pit.

CLOSE ON TEX

His burnt lips part. His teeth are too white.

TEX  
Pain. Isas.....

RESUME MICHELLE

Just as she tries to sit up, Leatherface ROCKETS from the Pit behind her, clotted with gore and emitting a subhuman YELL. Michelle SQUIRMS in his grasp. He's grabbing her and weeds to pull himself free of the Pit. Now Michelle is on her back and he's got her up to the knees.

(CONT)

CONTINUED:

HIGH ANGLE - MICHELLE

being dragged in. Her hands grab at the ground. One fumbles a BIG ROCK.

TIGHTER - MICHELLE

rolling to grab the boulder in both hands, raising it above her head, then --

FAST INTERCUTS --

as she SLAMS IT DOWN on Leatherface's forehead, one, two, three, then again, one, two, three, as many times as it takes to knock him loose and put him under, and each time she BASHES him she says the same thing:

MICHELLE

Sorry! Little! Guy!

Sorry! Little! Guy!

... until Leatherface SINKS like Frankenstein's Monster eating the sulphur pit. Maggotty GOO fills his mouth and nose hole. And the slime CLOSES over his face. EXUENT.

TIGHT SHOT - MICHELLE

holding the bloodied rock, unable to shut her eyes against this. Unexpectedly the DOG'S MUZZLE POCKS INTO FRAME ... to LICK her face clean!

MICHELLE

(totally dazed)

Oh.. Oh no.. Benny.... Ryan ...

no ...

She tries to walk a few paces, but wary of traps, CRAWLS to the nearest TREE. Past the very dead Tex. She SLUMPS there. The Dog attends. PUSH SLOWLY IN ON HER FACE as her eyes drift SHUT. Utter QUIET -- the first in a long time. Industrious BUBBLING FADES SLOWLY UP. O.S.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - IN WORKSHOP - NIGHT

The Little Girl trots in with her doll Sally. \*

(CONT)

(168)

CONTINUED:

PULL BACK to reveal Tink's VERY CHROMED PINCER still jutting out of the socket. The Girl stands on a box to get a better view. Purses her lips. Then holds up the doll and wiggles its jaw, so it "talks" to the frozen claw.

LITTLE GIRL  
(giggles)

SMASH CUT DIRECTLY TO:

169

EXT. ROADWAY - TIGHT ON MICHELLE'S FACE - DAY

169

As her EYES snap open from suddenly WAKING UP as if from a nightmare. She snatches a quick breath.

The wind blows dust.

WIDER ANGLE - MICHELLE AND THE DOG

She is slumped sprawl-legged against a signpost. Sees the Dog is still with her. Dirty, bloody, still painted. Still wearing the earring.

MICHELLE'S POV - THE ROAD

A long straight dead line leading back to the foothills. Interrupted now by the black dot of an approaching auto.

ANGLE ON MICHELLE

as she gets to her feet. Struck by a slap of dizziness. Holds the post for support and sticks out her thumb as a brassy Eldorado SLOWS DOWN to scope her, then SPEEDS UP to BREEZE PAST as a dust devil swirls in to fox her.

MICHELLE  
Motherfucker!

She lets her thumb drop. Speaks to the Dog:

MICHELLE (CONT)  
Never pick up hitchhikers in the  
Middle of Nowhere. Rule Numero  
Uno. Right?

CLOSE ON THE SHEPHERD

who LISTENS. Then TROTS alongside her. WIDEN TO INCLUDE her as they walk. She, painfully. We SEE she has used

(CONT)

(16<sup>9</sup> CONTINUED: )

the dog's bandana as an impromptu bandage. She acts as though she's heavily sedated. As they walk they come up on another SIGN, weathered, buckshot-riddled:

LANSDALE 11 mi.  
CALCIMINE 63 mi.

PAN AROUND to the sun. Blazing. Hypnotic. LENS FLARES in rainbow colors.

RESUME MICHELLE

as she VISES her head in a sudden spike of pain and falls to her knees. QUICKLY FADE CHAINSAW NOISE UP AND OUT O.S. She swallows hard. Rubs her eyes. A cold, toxic sweat all over her. She scans the roadway. Another car approaches, distantly.

FOLLOW THE DOG

as he joins her. She rubs her face. Feverish. Pats the Dog.

MICHELLE

(heatstroke babble )  
What planet is this? Do you know,  
huh?

She tries to RISE. No go. To Dog:

MICHELLE (CONT)

Think we'll make it?

170

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

MICHELLE'S POV - APPROACHING CAR

170

Through the heat shimmer a POLICE FLASHBAR is clearly readable.

RESUME MICHELLE

as the WIND increases in ferocity and she has to shield her eyes.

MICHELLE

I think we'll make it.

She steels herself and crawls toward the road. Half on the lane, half on the shoulder. No way she can't be spotted.

(CONT)

(170) CONTINUED:

REVERSE ANGLE - PAST MICHELLE TOWARD CAR  
getting closer and cutting speed slightly.

CUT TO:

171 INT. PATROL CAR - THRU TINTED WINDSHIELD - DAY. 171

Driver POV of Michelle on the road.

CUT TO:

172 WIDE ANGLE - ROADWAY

172

as the patrol car pulls past Michelle and pulls over  
farther ahead up the road.

ON MICHELLE

Overcome with relief, she sobs with joy as she heads  
for the car. She picks up to a trot.

MICHELLE'S POV

of the back window of the car. Slowly, eerily, the  
little girl rises out of the back seat and stares at  
Michelle through the window. She's playing with her  
doll. She smiles.

ON MICHELLE

shocked, beaten, cracked. Slowly it builds, a low MOAN  
that turns into a hacking, painful LAUGH. Michelle's  
checked out. She sinks to her knees on the road as the  
police car PEELS OUT.

We PUSH IN on Michelle as she continues her hysterical  
LAUGHING. We PUSH INTO HER EYE and:

FADE TO BLACK

THE END